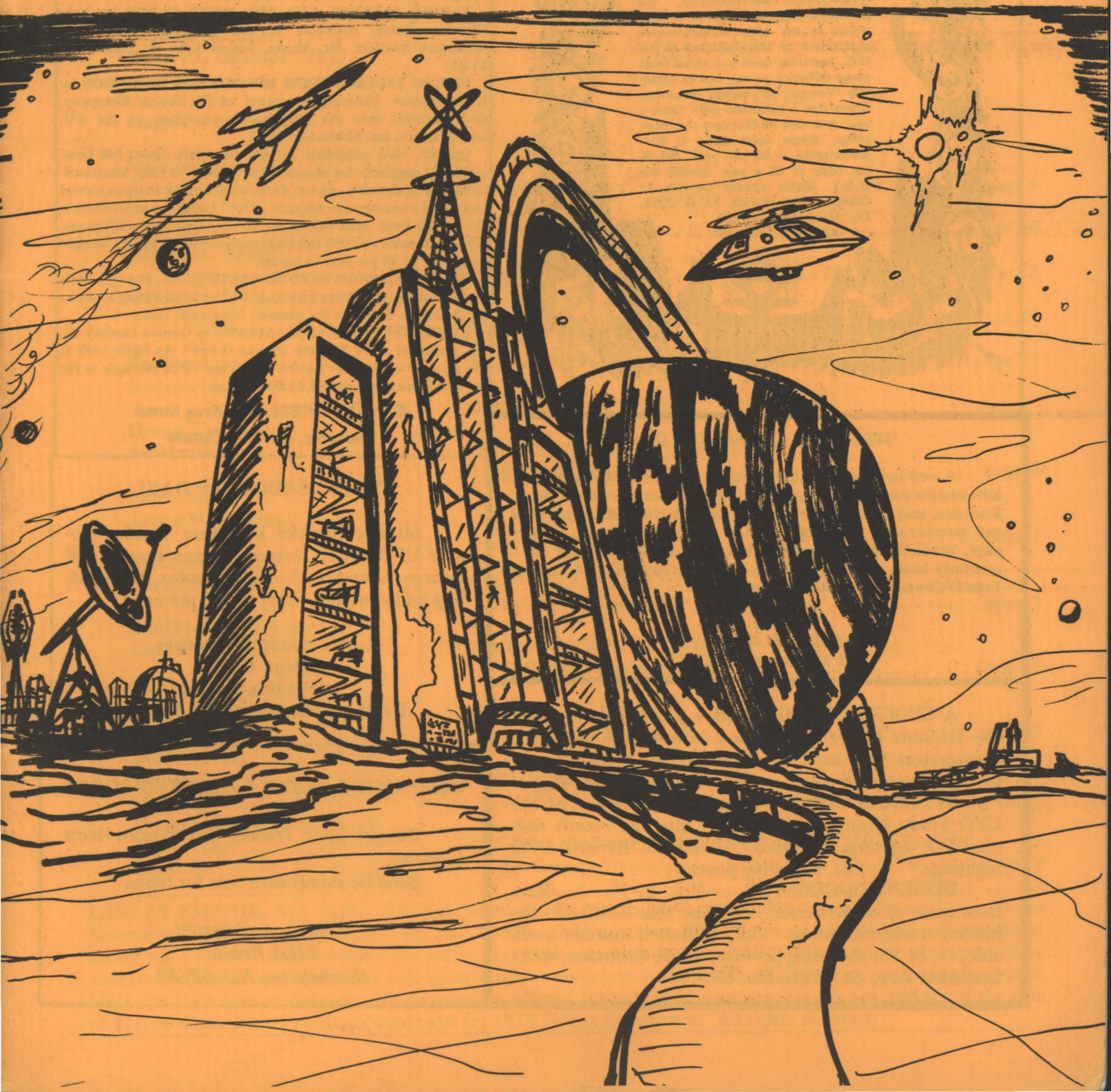


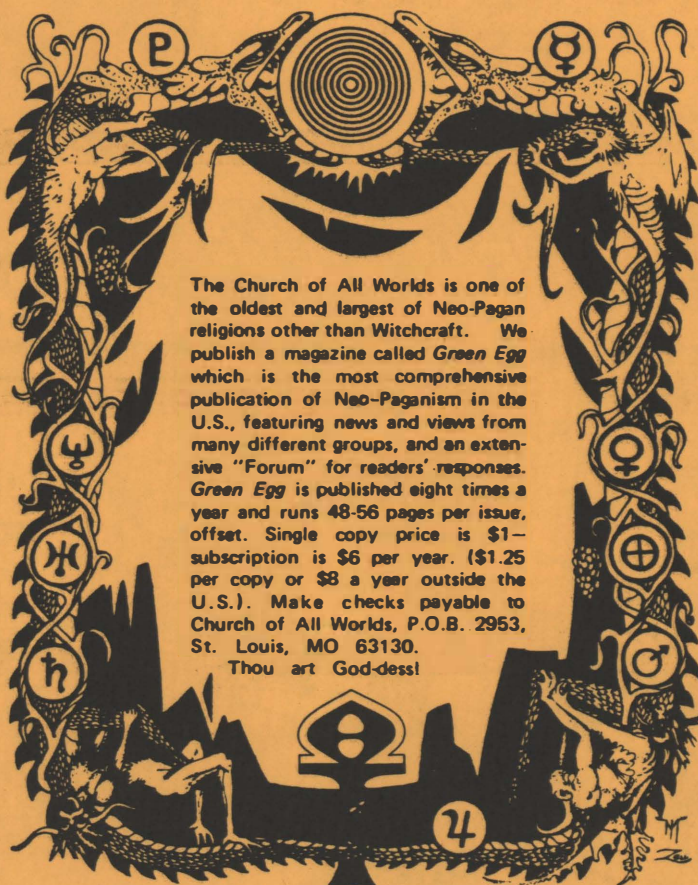
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*"We are kept ignorant not by the things
we don't know, but by the things we know
that ain't so."*

— Author Unknown

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EDITORIAL

By Eugene Steinberg



* * *

Random Thoughts: So many people are devoting their attention to Eric von Daeniken's "ancient astronauts" theory that they seem to have lost sight of his very fascinating and potentially controversial personal philosophy.

If you can bring yourself to set aside consideration of his fascinating journeys across the Nasca Lines and around the Great Pyramid, there are an awful lot of interesting ideas expressed by von Daeniken, especially in his second book, *Gods From Outer Space* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1971).

As I've said before, I don't find his thoughts about mankind's remote past to be particularly original, but my attention was struck by the views set forth in the first section of his work. It seems von Daeniken is suggesting that the RNA and DNA, our genetic building blocks, have been programmed by the extraterrestrials. Our memories of the past (racial memory?) and perhaps the whole destiny of mankind rest in his genes, awaiting the proper time to be triggered in a new direction ordained thousands of years ago.

This theory should get as much attention as the possibility that the UFOnuts themselves were afoot on Earth in ancient times — but it doesn't.

I recall talking to one avid reader of the book who assured me that he read every word, with care. But he was absolutely incredulous when I told him von Daeniken had ever entertained such an idea — or further, that he had speculated that some people sought to discover these hidden memories with drugs!

It may even be more surprising to mention that drug culture leader Timothy Leary expressed similar ideas about our genetic makeup in his own writings!

Yes indeed, some pretty far-reaching things can be found in the oddest places, when you look! Too bad that von Daeniken's overall thesis is just controversial enough to overshadow such things.

We at Caveat Emptor are preparing an in-depth study of this author and the whole "ancient astronaut" craze for a future issue. Perhaps these and other ideas will then be explored in more detail.

I have hosted some radio talk shows myself, so I know they are generally designed to entertain, not inform, but the latter is an occasional by-product.

I can't say I was either informed or entertained by a recent discussion about flying saucers on David Susskind's syndicated TV show.

Some of the most vocal and responsible spokesmen for UFO reality were on hand, such as Stanton Friedman, a nuclear physicist, John Fuller, author of *Incident at Exeter* and *Interrupted Journey*, and Betty Hill, whose fantastic experience aboard a UFO was recounted in the latter book. Heading up the negative side of the picture were Susskind and Sidney Klass.

If anyone thought they'd be enlightened as to what the UFO enigma was all about, they were sadly mistaken! The discussion gradually got bogged down with a lot of silly bickering. Towards the end of the show, Fuller challenged an offer from Klass of \$10,000 for evidence of UFO reality as a fake! Everything went downhill from there. Nobody convinced anybody of anything, least of all the public!

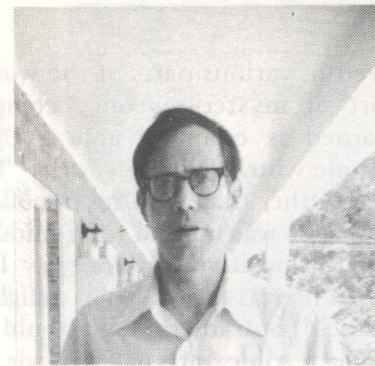
Not that anyone in particular should shoulder the blame for this fiasco, mind you. The climate generated by a skeptical host, and strong emotions combined to taint the atmosphere of the discussion. I'm sure Friedman and Fuller tried to get across some legitimate information, and won't fault them for not succeeding.

Unfortunately, some folks who might have wondered if the UFO mystery was anything worth bothering with will probably decide that it wasn't!

And I still get a bit of a queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach when I recall how I wrote to a UFO organization sponsoring a yearly convention, and asked them to send a representative to our convention in the spirit of mutual cooperation. Instead, they ignored my letter and wrote to another member of our group, saying they would hold their convention the same day we planned to hold ours — and could we change our date? Oh well . . . — ERS

DID I MEET A "MAN IN BLACK"?

By James W. Moseley



(Editor's Note: For the benefit of newcomers to UFO and occult studies, Jim Moseley has been a student of the Unknown for over 20 years. From 1954 to 1968, Moseley was publisher of *Saucer News* — one of the most popular magazines of the early UFO era. He has lectured extensively around the country on flying saucers, and has written many articles on the subject. Moseley has edited one book, *Jim Moseley's Book of Saucer News [Saucerian Books, Clarksburg, W. Va., 1967]* and is the author of *The Wright Field Story [Saucerian Books, 1971]*.)

* * *

It was June of 1963 . . .

My thoughts were far removed from flying saucers on the night in question, as my wife and I attended a penthouse party in midtown New York. But there, standing alone on the dimly-lit terrace, was a woman who was strangely familiar to me.

As I wracked my brains to figure out who she was, the answer came from my wife. It was Alexander's secretary! And with that realization came the strong desire to get to the bottom of perhaps the oddest series of events I have ever faced.

For a moment, my mind wandered back to April 10th of that year. The day's mundane beginnings did not prepare me for a phone call at my Fort Lee, New Jersey apartment. A Mr. Alexander asked me and my wife, Sandra, to meet him that night.

I was a bit surprised to learn he was staying at the Dixie Hotel in New York. I knew the hotel was an adequate but hardly fashionable place that caters mainly to tourists.

So, I had little idea what to expect as we met Alexander in the hotel dining room.

Our host was accompanied by a middle-aged couple, who gave their names as Margot Dummier and Robert Baldwin.

But it was Alexander who more or less monopolized the conversation. He repeatedly stated that he had travelled all around the world without a passport, using some aerial means of transportation

that he would not specify. He also kept calling attention to his accent, and to the supposed fact that it could not be identified with any known country. His overly-obvious attempts to imply that he was a "spaceman" was somewhat annoying to me. Thus, I deliberately avoided asking the questions he was inviting. At the time, knowing less about the UFO field than I do now, I thought he was a run-of-the-mill hoaxer or confidence man.

Alexander also made some promises: He had large sums of money at his disposal from an undisclosed source. He would pay the large recurring deficit on my magazine, *Saucer News*. He would also send me, at his expense, on a round-the-world lecture tour on UFOs.

I quickly agreed to all this — not because I believed him, but mainly to lead him on and draw him out further.

The only concrete thing to come out of this first meeting was that Alexander paid for our steak dinners.

I never even learned his first name!

Later that evening, my wife and I invited him and his two companions to our apartment. Here the pitch shifted to very elementary attempts on his part to convince me that I had psychic powers. Alexander also said *he* had such powers, but despite my repeated urging, he refused to demonstrate them.

The low point of the evening came when Alexander set up a very simple magic trick with cards. The victim (in this case, me) was supposed to be made to believe that he had separated all the red cards from the black ones in the deck without looking at the faces of the cards. Fortunately, I was familiar with the trick, and I wasn't impressed with my perfect performance. (Although I believe in ESP, I have almost always found that my own powers along that line are extremely slight.)

Yet, in spite of this and other crude hoaxes, there was definitely something genuinely strange about Alexander. I noticed it from the minute I sat down with him at the Dixie Hotel. He did have an unidentifiable European-sort of accent, though this in itself would be normal for someone who has

lived in various parts of the world. He also had the sort of mysterious olive complexion that I later learned is common among the weird species of people who are known as the "Men in Black."

Other than that, my recollection is that his appearance was normal for a middle-aged man, *except* for the positively weird way his eyes would flash when he was angry. At the slightest interruption or mildest contradiction, he would appear to be having some terrible internal struggle to control himself. During this brief period, his eyes would flash with a gleam that impressed me as being actually insane. But in a second or two, the gleam would fade, and he would again be talking reasonably affably. Nevertheless, I felt very uneasy in his presence. If he was indeed a "spaceman," he must have been one of the evil ones, in my opinion.

After I drove Alexander and his friends back to New York City that night, I had an argument with Sandra (we were divorced months later, in fact). She believed that I was taken in by everything the man had said, and that I actually believed I would be financed on a world lecture tour. I tried, to no avail, to convince her I was merely trying to lead the man on, in hopes of learning what he was really up to.

Because of this argument, I visited Alexander alone the next night, back at the dining room of the Dixie. This time, he was with an attractive young woman whom I took to be his travelling companion. Again he monopolized the conversation, but I learned nothing more. Again he paid the bill.

I was not nearly as impressed with Alexander then as I am now, looking back over these meetings. However, I agreed to see him again the following night, April 12th, when he promised to reveal all the details of his plans for me.

I was to meet him at 6:00 p.m., again at the Dixie. But when I phoned at the appointed hour (to make sure he was there), he told me to wait till 9:00. This was an inconvenience for me, but I went along with it.

I went along to a nearby movie, and returned to the hotel at 9:00.

Alexander was gone! The desk clerk said he had just checked out and left for Washington, D.C.

The fact that Alexander had gone to Washington seemed reasonable. He did tell me something about an important but unspecified brief trip he had to make there. But the fact that he had deliberately stood me up decreased my already waning interest in the whole thing. I didn't bother to get his full name and address, which he must have written out on his reservation card at the hotel. In retrospect, I wish I had obtained this information.

Three days later, Alexander phoned me twice,

supposedly from Washington. But Sandra and I were about to leave for several days on a trip of our own. So, even if he did return to New York as promised, I would not be able to see him. So at that point, I more-or-less wrote off the incident. Why, though, did he bother to call? I didn't know then, and I still have no idea.

I haven't heard from Margot Dummier or Robert Baldwin since . . .

In a flash, I was back at the penthouse party. Hopes mounted that the young woman who was Alexander's secretary could shed some light on the matter.

My expectations were soon dashed!

It turned out she barely knew Alexander, and had simply answered his newspaper ad for a secretary, just a day or two before I met him. He had also paid for office space, given her a paycheck in advance, and incurred other expenses that seemed to demonstrate his intention to return from Washington soon.

But, as far as anyone could tell, Alexander never came back!

Later, a UFOlogist I consider to be reliable told me in confidence that Alexander repeated the same peculiar behavior in various parts of the country, including California. The pattern was always the same: He would flatter a local saucer researcher by endorsing his theories and promising him whatever sort of financial aid would be most pleasing to him. But, within a day or two, he would leave town and not be heard of again.

I was relieved to learn that Alexander's disappearance here had no connection with the obvious hostility and disbelief that my wife had projected in his presence, the night she met him.

It was not long before a researcher in St. Louis, whom I do *not* consider to be completely reliable, wrote me about *his* meeting with Alexander:

"I am finished with radio and TV appearances about UFOs. I will talk on other subjects, but this one is too dangerous for me. Since talking to Alexander, I know better now . . . I won't give out any further details at this time, but I may someday. Alexander wanted me to be a leader when they land the circular flying machines here on Earth. They have other means of coming here too, or so he stated . . . Part of his plan was to confuse you . . . I found myself talking to the air three times when he was with me. He would disappear into thin air on certain occasions, when other people were around."

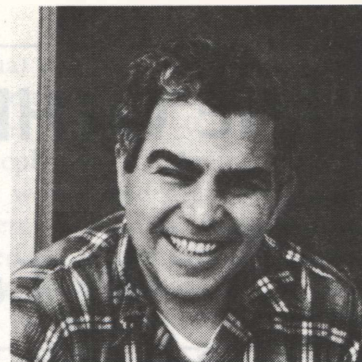
This researcher went on to explain that he believes Alexander to be indirectly responsible for the crash of a police car and the later death of two

(continued on page 21)

THE HOLLOW EARTH INVASION

(A Letter to a College Student)

By Jerome Eden



Dear Mr. _____ :

Your recent letter is one of several I have received from young college people who ask why I don't interest myself in the work of Dr. Raymond Bernard and his "Hollow Earth" theory of the origin of UFOs.

As you know from reading my books, *Orgone Energy* and *Planet in Trouble*, I have spent more than 20 years studying, duplicating, and trying to advance the discoveries and work of Dr. Wilhelm Reich. The documented facts in my books indicate that our Earth is indeed in very deep trouble, that we are slowly destroying ourselves by way of nuclear contamination, and that UFOs are aiding our demise. Unless mankind begins immediately to study, comprehend, and responsibly use the discoveries of Dr. Reich, I see little hope for the continuation of our species.

Now in your letter you make slight references to the important facts that I have presented, but, rather, urge me to look into the Hollow Earth theory of Dr. Bernard. You further suggest that I undertake an expedition to remote parts of the world to find these subterranean UFO bases. If my house is burning down, is it rational to set off for Brazil to look for "bandits" who may or may not be there; or is it rational for me to fight the fire?

Dr. Bernard published, as far as I know, one book on his Hollow Earth theory. I have read it. To me, it is one-part conjecture and two-parts myth. Bernard's references to the work of Dr. Reich were taken verbatim from a book I published in 1959, though Bernard makes no acknowledgment of this. On the other hand, Dr. Reich published some dozen books, journals and reports of *experimental* work he and many scientific co-workers did regarding the existence of a primordial, mass-free, pre-atomic orgone energy. It is interesting and saddening to me that you cannot see any qualitative difference between Reich's massive, documented factual findings and Bernard's theoretical speculations.

You think of yourself as a "scientific investigator," but you are not. In Reich's volumi-

ous published writings, you have ample opportunity to do factual, scientific experimentation. You could build small accumulators and duplicate Reich's TO-T experiment (the one duplicated and verified by Albert Einstein). You could build an orgonoscope as described by Reich in his book *The Cancer Biopathy* and *Selected Writings*. You could duplicate the important experiments dealing with biogenesis, first discovered and described by Reich. You could subscribe to *The Journal of Orgonomy* (Box 565, Ansonia Station, New York, N.Y. 10023) and obtain current scientific information. But you don't do any of these things. You prefer to speculate on whether or not the Earth is hollow. To my mind, you are evading truth and fact, because you really do not want truth. You are running away from truth — which is deep and immediate contact with the Life Energy (the orgone) in your body and in your environment.

I do not say these things lightly. I say them because I am concerned about young people of today — where they are going. They have neither roots nor direction. Many have come to my home and we have talked. Most are simply confused and lost. They rarely laugh. They cannot seem to enjoy anything. They do not realize that civilized man is deeply ill, that he is sexually sick, and that he perpetuates his illness in his children. They are all "looking." You ask them what they are looking for, and they cannot answer. What they are really looking for, simply, is God; but they do not know that Love, Life and Orgone energy are the realities behind the "God" they forever seek and cannot find. So they run away from the truth by forming Hollow Earth or Flat Earth societies, with vague notions about "going on expeditions" which never materialize.

Responsible, worldwide use of Reich's discoveries could end famine, drought and widespread flooding on Earth, but you don't mention that. The fact that thousands upon thousands of children and adults are dying from drought-caused famine in India and Africa is never mentioned by you. You are concerned about a "Hollow Earth."

(continued on page 21)

THE OTHER INTELLIGENCE

By Curtis K. Sutherly



We live on a world plagued by cries of "wolf!" Without turning around, one can view humanity searching for peers among the stars. Every UFO report, every garbled radio signal received from deep space, causes scientists and lay persons alike to brace themselves for the long-awaited alien contact. With inexcusable one-mindedness, we have turned our heads skyward while looking for someone with whom we might talk as equals. And all the while that other intelligence has existed, not in some other time-space or frame of reference, not off-world, but here on the globe we call Earth. In our self-conceit, our frustratingly egotistical humanism, we've failed to see the obvious — that we are, and have always been, in reach of our peers. . .

* * *

Besides being a mammal, what is a dolphin? If we speak scientifically, the dolphin is a member of the classification *Cetacea*; this includes dolphins, whales and porpoises, all creatures believed to have once gained access to land, but which later returned to their place of origin, the sea. The different species of dolphin vary greatly ranging in size, shape, coloring, even habits. They can also be found in all extremes of watery environment, with the creatures inhabiting cold North Atlantic regions, arctic waters (notable here is the *Orca*, or as a popular misnomer would have it — the Killer Whale), the warm, temperate oceans of the south, and a few disappearing species can even be found in fresh-water rivers. But perhaps scientific background can be dispensed with for a moment by making a simple and direct statement — *a dolphin is a person!*

In some bygone age men and dolphins may have been as brothers. Together, they'd have taken those first uncertain steps onto a new frontier, the frontier of land. For reasons which are — and perhaps always will be — unclear, the dolphin elected to return to its watery birthplace, leaving his brother Man to carve out a destiny on the dry earth.

Chester Krone, in his book, *The World of the*

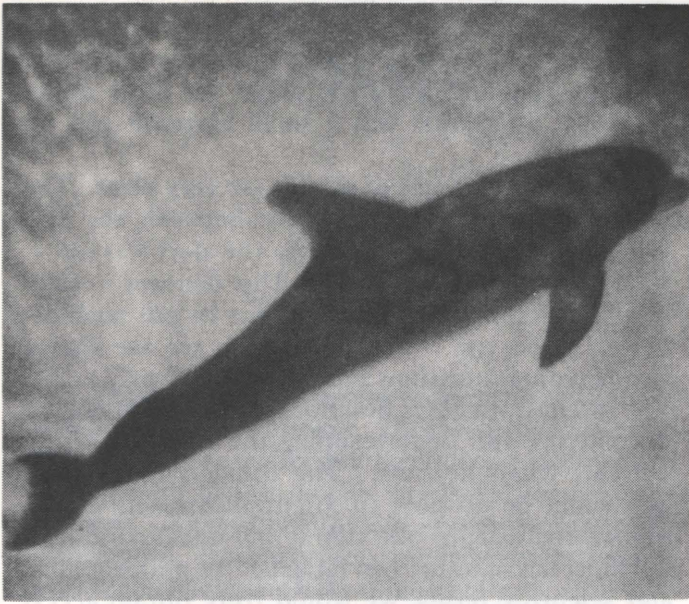
Dolphin (Belmont/Tower, 1972), tells us that "the decision to return to the sea was not a foolish move at all on the part of the cetacean's ancestor, although the move may have been made with some reluctance. The sea is an excellent environment for the development of mammals. Covering more than 60% of the Earth's surface, the sea has 300 times the area with which to support life than has the land when we take into account snow-capped mountains, arid deserts and steaming jungles."

But what of this notion that a dolphin be considered a person, or that it may actually be an ancestral brother to humankind? Numerous reasons for thinking this way can be brought up; the basic similarity of the dolphin's skeletal structure with that of the human; the extreme similarity between human and dolphin embryos; the apparent comparable intellect of the two mammals; similar sexual behavior — one could go on and on. There are, of course, numerous differences in the two species, but many of these (which we will go into later) can be attributed to the difference of environment — land as opposed to water.

THE REASONING FACTOR

The brain of the dolphin is extremely well-developed, being slightly larger than that of Man. But in ratios of brain-weight as compared to body-size, the human brain wins out by a small margin. Delphinologists today contend that even if the dolphin, with its extremely sophisticated thought-processes, its apparent ability to communicate with fellow dolphins, and its basic curiosity and desire to know, does run second-best in a contest of the intellects, that second-best is far superior to the third-place finish of the chimpanzee, which is considered to be number one among the ape-like bipeds (excluding, of course, the possibility of creative intelligence in our as yet mysterious ABISM's and bigfoot types).

The apparent high level of intelligence in the dolphin is perhaps the greatest single reason for intense study of the creature. Since the brain of any animal controls bodily functions as well as being



responsible for intense generation of motives such as curiosity and perhaps even advanced sexual activity,* it is likewise responsible for certain key characteristics found in the dolphin.

A sign of reasoning ability may well be witnessed in the dolphin's loyalty and responsibility toward fellows of its kind. If a member of a family of dolphins is injured, rather than abandoning it, the larger males will form a protective ring about the victim while others attempt to render aid. The young of the species are likewise protected, and if a curious youngster begins to wander too far from his mother, she'll be after him immediately, steering the calf back into the protection of the family. But if a young dolphin should be killed or die in any form of mishap, the unfortunate mother will grieve for days or perhaps even weeks. One can't say this for creatures such as dogs or cats, who may revert to a sullen state for an hour or two before dismissing the incident completely.

Another sign of reason may be found in the manner of play between dolphins. According to Chester Krone, "dolphins *invent* games. Moreover, they *improve* upon them." He then explains how the concentration span for a game involving dolphins is at least as great as that in man. "Dolphins playing a favorite game will continue doing so long after their mothers have become visibly annoyed."

Dolphins at play can be witnessed at any oceanarium that houses a porpoise tank. Tricks such as bouncing plastic balls on their noses, diving through fire-hoops, catching fish and other items, all are common to human spectators. Most people

attempt to point out that the sea-mammals perform simply because they are rewarded thereafter. To a degree, this may be true.

But dolphins deeply enjoy playing endless varieties of games and would find their own sport if not provided for them by trainers. Indeed, they become extremely bored if a trainer attempts to engage them in a solitary performance over a prolonged period of time. Delphinologists report that at such times they become irritated, and often refuse to perform at all. Pretty neat for an animal who plays simply to obtain a meal.

Krone relates a particular instance of a game invented by dolphins at the Marineland Studios in St. Augustine, Florida. "The game began with a young dolphin discovering that placing a feather in a jet of water caused the object to shoot rapidly across the pool. Chasing the feather, he retrieved it and returned to repeat the operation. Another dolphin, approximately two years old, improved upon the game by trying to anticipate where the feather would come to rest in the eddy, and being there the moment it arrived. Finally, the two dolphins, delighted with the results of the game, took turns: On his return with the feather, the 'chaser' would place the feather in the jet for the other to retrieve."

It would seem that human children have nothing over young dolphins in the games department.

THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

In addition to being of stout loyalty and having a strong urge to perform and create methods of playing, the dolphin also has his own communication system. This idea-transfer technique is perhaps the single best reason for the dolphin's survival.

True, the smaller cetacea are remarkable swimmers with speeds ranging upward of 30 knots, and can easily outdistance most opposition — yet such tactics are next to useless when confronting members of the shark family who likewise are possessed of tremendous speed and agility. Then too, the dolphin is somewhat handicapped by the necessity to surface every so often for a quick breath of air. But his natural intelligence and talent for remarkable underwater communication more than offset any such disadvantage.

Robert Stenuit, writing in *The Dolphin, Cousin to Man* (Bantam Books, 1972), discusses the sounds emitted by dolphins, and notes that a good number of these sounds are probably used for echo-

*Sexual activity in dolphin as in man is not a mere reaction to inbred instinct, but almost a refined art, if one dare call it that.

location; in essence, a kind of sonar. But those same sounds, according to Stenuit, may also be capable of carrying subtle messages to other cetacea. He compares these messages with "the same kind of message a man reads in the sonar of a pretty girl; that is, in her eyes."

But there's nothing subtle about the beeps, chirps, and squeeks that comprise the sound-transmission utilized by the dolphin. Tests conducted under controlled conditions have pretty well established that cause-and-effect behavior patterns in dolphins relate closely to extreme high-pitched sound emission, either from other dolphins, or from man-made devices. Visual screens placed between test subjects have been of little hindrance during experiments attempting to establish the extent of the communication.

Dr. Jarvis Bastian, a psychologist for the University of California, erected such a screen between a pair of dolphins who were coached in pulling a number of levers to obtain their meal, which consisted of mackerel. The dolphins, Buzz and Doris, transmitted sounds across the curtain informing each other of the proper lever to pull; the level was indicated by a light located nearby. Neither dolphin could see the other's light, but both could hear quite clearly. Doris was signalled 50 times to push one or another of the levers, depending on the light signal. Buzz correctly reacted to her signals — which were plainly audible — a total of 48 times!

Another incident, dealing this time with the dolphin's notorious cousin, the orca, was detailed in Stenuit's book, and later reprinted in Krone's *World of the Dolphin*. It is worthy of being repeated a third time, because it demonstrates not only the communication faculty of cetacea, but the intelligence of the so-called "killer-whale" as well.

According to Stenuit, "During a recent expedition in the Antarctic, a Norwegian whaling fleet received a radio call for help from a deep-sea fishing fleet. A band of several thousand killer whales had arrived in the fishing area and was so thoroughly decimating the fish that the fishermen no longer saw a scale. Killer whales are very large — 20 feet and longer — and very voracious cousins of the dolphin.

"The whalers sent out three boats, each equipped with a harpoon gun. One of them fired a single shot, and the harpoon with its explosive head wounded or killed a whale. Within half an hour all cetaceans had completely disappeared from the surface of the sea around the gunboats, but they remained just as active and voracious around the fishing boats. Knowing the fishing boats and the gunboats were identical, both types being converted

world war two Corvettes. They had the same silhouette above the water, the same hull, the same engine, and therefore made the same noise; the only difference was a small harpoon gun on the bow."

The implications of all this are very clear. The orca determined the difference between the two types of vessel and immediately the alert was out — steer clear of the gunboats! This denotes a clear eye for detail, and the intelligence to put such detail to good use. But once again we see that a strong communications factor was involved.

Stenuit further describes the excitement of deciphering and understanding the language of the dolphin when he says, "The thought that it one day might be possible to communicate with a non-human creature, to question it and understand it, is the most fascinating I can imagine. In philosophical and scientific terms, we would truly obtain access to another world, and, at the same time, open a new world, ours, to the other animal. Science-fiction writers, who keep feeding us their stories of Martians, have understood this. But if I must make a choice between Martians and dolphins, I should choose dolphins without hesitation."

SIDELINES OF DIFFERENCE

Life beneath the oceans of this globe has earmarked the dolphin with a considerable quantity of extraordinary features. In a fashion, these features tend to highlight the startling differences between the intellect-of-land and his relative inhabiting the depths of the seas.

Perhaps the most obvious of the different features is the dolphin's fish-like profile. Even today, many laymen tend to think of the dolphin and his cousin the whale as fish rather than mammals. Because of the highly developed muscles found in the flukes and spinal region of the animal, the dolphin can push himself forward at a rate of 30 knots, and can leap as high as 18 feet out of the water. Acceleration has been obtained that is as great as one-half G. What other beast — aside from the orca — can boast of such ability?

Another interesting difference between man and dolphin is the pattern of sleep each falls into. While man sleeps in long periods ranging from four to ten hours, depending on the individual, the cetacea catches only quick naps. There is, of course, a reason for this. Recalling for a minute that all cetaceans are mammals living beneath the sea, it would be physically impossible for them to rest in prolonged stretches. The simple truth is that they would drown, unable to surface for air while sleeping. Rather, the dolphin lies near the

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SOME MOMENTS OF TRUTH

By Paul J. Waalson

(Editor's Note: There is more to the following article than meets the eye. On the surface, the two episodes recounted by Mr. Waalson are classic cases in UFOlogy which to this day have not been explained. That alone would justify printing the manuscript, especially for our many new readers who are not familiar with these events.

But some background material is also in order.

About 12 years ago, one of the Editors of Caveat Emptor published a magazine known as The UFO Reporter. About the time the second issue appeared, two segments of a projected series were received. Expecting further installments, the articles were scheduled for publication, but the unknown fate of subsequent manuscripts caused us to postpone printing it.

To this day, none of Mr. Waalson's articles have ever been published anywhere.

Although interesting in themselves, the first two articles merely served as the springboard for the next one, about which the author wrote:

"The Maury Island incident is one of the most baffling cases ever to be told and retold. Death and mystery surround this amazing tale of the almost unbelievable. It gives us some of the earliest evidence that the legendary 'Silence Group' does exist. Don't miss the next . . . exciting 'Moment of Truth.' "

Without going into too much detail, the controversial Maury Island affair concerned the frightening aftermath of a purported UFO crash in the state of Washington in 1947. Two Air Force men died in a mysterious crash, and famed saucer pioneer Kenneth Arnold nearly lost his life. The entire story is dealt with in the book, The Coming of the Saucers, by Kenneth Arnold and Ray Palmer [available from us at \$3.16 per copy].

Charges and countercharges have obscured attempts to get at the truth of this tragic incident. The late Captain Edward Ruppelt [a former head of the Air Force's Project Blue Book] actually charged it was Ray Palmer's hoax, without daring to name Palmer personally. [He called Ray the "Chicago publisher."] Palmer of course denied the accusations, but agreed that someone had played a

hoax, a very deadly one at that.

But the readers of The UFO Reporter did not bask in whatever light Paul J. Waalson could shed on the topic. His third article never arrived, and attempts to find out why got nowhere.

All letters to him about the missing manuscript were returned, marked "Addressee Unknown."

The following article is basically the first two segments of the abortive series. To preserve the integrity of the manuscript — and because it is now impossible to locate the author for his approval — we have made only very minor editorial changes.

It is up to the reader to decide if Mr. Waalson simply moved without leaving his new address — or somehow came to face his personal "Moment of Truth.")

Science has explained many strange things that would have otherwise left a completely baffled audience. There is also that which science cannot explain — that with which we should be most concerned. This long list includes: The most elusive Yeti or Abominable Snowman, from the ice-covered peaks of the lofty Himalaya mountains; the strange UFOs that flash through our skies and disappear with nary a trace; the unexpected disappearances of people from in front of numerous witnesses; the odd cases of people bursting into flame, quite mysteriously.

But one of the most bewildering is the nightmarish tale of an unusual being witnessed by several residents of a small woodland community in West Virginia.

The "Moment of Truth" is near; a moment when the cloudy veil that covers some of life's greatest mysteries is cruelly torn away, briefly exposing quite ordinary human beings to something completely hideous and unexplainable; something that so affects them that they are sent fleeing into the night, shrieking uncontrollably.

It was a warm September evening in 1952. A small group of young boys in Flatwoods, West

Virginia were finishing up a ball game.

Suddenly they looked up. A strange, luminous disc arced across the sky and appeared to land on the top of a nearby hill. Two of the boys, Fred and Eddie May, led the small group to their mother.

Mrs. May followed them outside to see what was wrong. And, sure enough, just as they told her, something indeed was to be seen on the distant hill. It seemed to be a sort of pulsing red light, glowing eerily. Somewhat taken aback, the woman summoned Gene Lemmon, a neighbor, to accompany them to the hilltop.

The party now numbered seven. Lemmon carried a flashlight, and led the way. As they advanced to the hill cautiously, a small dog, apparently oblivious to the danger, tagged along.

The night was warm. A light mist began to form upon the hill. Accompanying a tenseness in the air was the feeling of dread — the dread of the Unknown.

All of a sudden, they seemed to be surrounded by a very overpowering odor, that almost made them nauseous. The small dog that had followed the party started growling and acting strangely. Lemmon, sensing the dog's uneasiness, flashed the light in the direction that had caught the animal's attention.

The next moment is recorded indelibly in the annals of UFO investigation.

Mrs. May, as if awakened by a primeval sense, screamed. The screeching sound was literally wrenched from her dry throat. Lemmon just stood there a moment, frozen with terror. Then he dropped his flashlight, and the entire group broke into a run, fleeing for their lives.

This was their "Moment of Truth" — the time when seven unsuspecting human minds were subjected to unbearable strain, and driven almost to the point of despair.

Later, after Mrs. May regained her composure, and the children were brought home, Lemmon recovered his courage and led an armed party back to the hill. A careful search was made. But there was nothing there, except for a noxious odor, the same smell of rotten eggs or of burnt sulphur that had been sensed before. Also, there were some extremely confounding skid marks remaining on the grassy hillside.

But what of the strange and fearful sight that had sent the first party racing, panic-stricken, into the night? What was the terrible, loathsome thing they saw in the beam of light that left them on the verge of hysteria? Where had it come from, and more important, where was it going and why?

The thing they saw stood slightly less than 15 feet tall. It was covered with a slimy, greenish skin. Set in its fearsome head were two reddish-green

eyes that seemed to glow with a hateful fire all their own.

This alone would be enough to send anyone into headlong flight, but to add that final touch of horror, the creature did not use any conventional method of locomotion.

In the few seconds that it was viewed, it came forward with a quick, smooth, ominous *gliding action!*

* * *

The dawn of November 23, 1953 broke with a soft ruddy sun climbing lazily from the East. The promise of another ordinarily dull day was born — but doomed to die. The men in Kinross Air Force Base rose cheerfully with the sun, little knowing that two of their number would never see another earthly sunrise again.

The day had started normally, with the usual drills and other routine functions of the base. The evening meal was pleasant. The night was peaceful.

Nighttime in Michigan is a beautiful thing to behold. When the sky is clear and the stars come out, hoards of soft, tiny things fly about, and the frogs, crickets, and other small chirping denizens of the night sing and squeak as if under some magical spell. Peace and serenity prevail . . .

The Moment of Truth is near.

A small radar shack stands on the shores of Lake Superior, oblivious to the beauty of the star-filled night. A man sits on a radar screen watching for the telltale signs of a possible attack by an unfriendly nation.

On that fateful night, something strange happened. A blip appeared where there should be no blip. Records were quickly checked, but there was no recorded flight for that location at that time.

An F-89 fighter was dispatched from Kinross. The plane streaked off, heading for the Soo Locks — and the unknown!

Lieutenant Felix Moncla, 26, was the pilot, and 22-year-old Lieutenant R.R. Wilson was the radar operator.

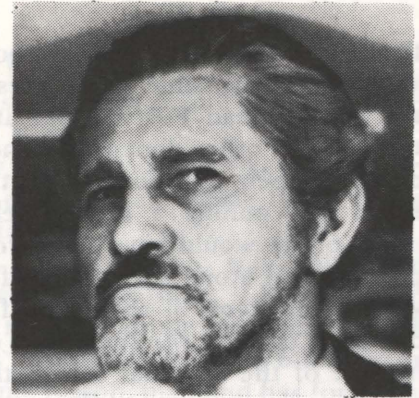
G.C.A. at Kinross was to guide the plane to the area of the mysterious craft until Wilson could pick it up on the craft's short-range radar. Moncla brought the jet plane up in a steep climb in order to reach the level of the intruder. As he approached, the object changed course.

G.C.A. gave the pilot new directions, which sent the plane over Sault Sainte Marie, while the unknown was heading for Lake Superior. As they closed in, speeding in excess of 500 miles per hour, Wilson was notified that he should be visually sighting the UFO.

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THE TALL EARTH

By Richard S. Shaver



(Editor's Note: Every time Richard Shaver comes out with another one of his unorthodox theories, we get letters asking the source of his odd information. And every time we have to say the same thing: It would require several books to explain what the Shaver Mystery is all about.

Let it suffice to explain that our 10th issue contains a lengthy interview with Shaver — an interview that really helps set the tone for this and other writings by this most unique man. A copy of the issue is still available for 75c, postpaid.)

* * *

I think of the first period of human life on Earth as the Tall Earth period.

The reason being that everything, people included, was on the tall side. What remnants are left of that earliest time are called "the period of giganticism" by the pedants. And there they stop, mostly having extended their fullest recognition possible of anything so impossible as a giant.

Every step into the far past is that sort of step — into the utter impossibility of the reality of past life on Earth.

While the pedants fool around with small and quite possible things like arrowheads and tomahawks and Folsom points, the gigantic facts lie ignored on every hand.

To bring up these facts is rather like bringing up a troll from the underworld. The conservative literati run screaming into hiding. They just don't like impossible facts.

I don't like trolls myself. But they too are a fact of life one has to live with unless one wants to take up the ostrich method of the pedants and hide the eyes from all facts.

Sorting out impossible facts into categories and painting them with nice acceptable colors has become a way of life with me.

Let's sort out a few and make them pretty and acceptable to the boggling minds of pedants, students, professors and what-not.

Take the stone axes which Charles Fort noted fell from the sky on several occasions. These were

good enough stone axes, but they were out-size and apparently for people 30 to 50 feet tall or so. And they fell from the sky, plop! — without scorching or much heating.

Now, to explain that was quite impossible, so Fort didn't try.

But it's a quite natural phenomenon and perfectly acceptable, if you *know* something about what really happened in the past.

The whole population of the first world was gigantic and so were the plants, and especially the trees. Some of the petrified stumps left from that period are quite acceptable as mountains, so much so that quite large castles were built upon them. About the only "stump" look left nowadays is discernible only if you get far enough away from them, as on an aerial map. "Devil's Tower" is one we have all seen in pictures, but there are a lot of them, and they show up on aerial maps as mountains that look like tree stumps, with roots and everything.

To get back to stone axes falling from the sky, this is how it happened in fact. When the Earth first captured the moon, the moon struck the Earth. And, in the process, the moon pulled the oceans out of their beds and drowned nearly everyone. The moon also lost most of its own surface, but as it bounced off Earth, it pulled a lot of debris in its wake. This debris, some of it, followed the moon's gravity for a way and *then* a lot of it orbited the Earth; "natural satellites" whirling around up there for thousands of years in that perfect vacuum that preserves everything in an un-oxidizing state.

Now, every so often, some of that ancient debris orbits slowly and more slowly and drifts into the atmosphere. If it's going too fast it burns up. But some of it is orbiting precisely in time with the Earth's turn, and it enters the atmosphere at relatively low speed, since it is turning *with* the Earth. So it doesn't burn up, but coasts on down, plop, into someone's pasture, and from the pasture it gets into the newspapers as some farmer sees it fall and picks it up. And Charles Fort saw such newspapers and clipped such stories out, saved

them, and put them into his book. So we hear about the impossible stone axes falling from the sky and we read Fort's explanations of islands in the sky and other dimensions and what-not. Fort didn't happen to know about the *moon* striking Earth and pulling a lot of debris after it into orbit, or he would have given you the correct explanation of stone axes falling from the sky — as well as the items of rocks that fall over and over, day after day, on *the same spot* on Earth. All this in spite of the fact that the Earth is spinning very rapidly and going around the sun.

The reason is that such debris over a long period of time has a way of getting into synchronous spin with the Earth, and so orbits our planet always *over* the same spot. And some stones drift down in response to gravity and fall, repeatedly, on the same exact spot.

The slow speed of such falls is explainable when you realize the *only* speed they acquire is the 52 feet per second of any falling object, which has to be adjusted by the air resistance that cushions such falls, according to the specific gravity.

The only way you can work out the actual speed is to weigh the object in question, and equate that with its surface area and equate that with the 52 feet per second of all falling objects.

This parachute effect is so well known that you have to admit that some objects can fall through the air without any particular ill effects of any great penetration into the soil on arrival.

So we have the Fortean phenomenon of stone axes arriving back on Earth after an untold number of millenniums aloft, quite without violating any of the laws of physics.

All the other vastnesses of the far past are likewise understandable and acceptable to anyone, once you know just how it all was from some of the rock books made at the time by the citizens of the Tall Earth.

Why did things get so much bigger on the first world, before the moon hit it and upset the whole thing with tidal waves and what-not in the way of earthquakes, new volcanos, dead people and trees uprooted that had stood for thousands upon thousands of years. And *how* did a stump that big get petrified into solid rock? It's quite impossible.

It's not impossible when you realize that the moon was a long, long time a-coasting in on its orbital decay, and just as long a time a-coasting out on its new orbit, with renewed velocity acquired from the spinning Earth when it struck our world and was flung off like a ballbearing thrown from an electric fan.

The moon went round and round the Earth for quite a long slow time as its new orbit took it round and slowly, to the eye, slowly outward. We

don't know right now if the moon is still moving out or once more decaying its orbit to come back in and bounce off again.

Don't bother asking the astronomers. They haven't even discovered that the moon struck Earth seven times in the past and will again in the future. Astronomers only deal with Fortean data when they can't avoid it, and mostly they avoid it utterly out of sheer fear.

During that long advent and departure, the moon pulled the oceans around Earth in the greatest kind of tides, and this water poured over the great stumps as the quakes and volcanoes knocked them down. Since it contained an extraordinary lot of materials in suspension and in solution, trees got petrified by it. That petrification took place on a vast scale is fairly well established by the petrified forests, and they really extend *under* the ancient orbit of the moon, which is where the water was the deepest and most agitated.

So you see, petrified forests and tree stumps as big as mesas are a fact of life that is really attributable to moon-fall and nothing else at all.

"Why did the trees get so big?"

You should ask. Because the early first world was a clean, bright, new Earth, unpoisoned and unpolluted by catastrophes and civilizations and falling moons and so forth. Plants and animals didn't die so soon because they had no reason to die, no accumulative poisons to pile up on their systems.

Even today we have some species with the old habits of longevity still with them: The redwoods and Sequoias exhibit a remarkable sort of longevity and there are others — certain pines — that live for thousands of years.

Whales in the oceans are known to live a lot longer than anything else in the mammal category. Just how all this stacks up relative to other species is one of those points on which I'd like to see some data that I could rely upon — there's little enough.

Anyway, from what data there is, it seems that some species live a lot longer than others, with no special understanding of why or how available. Why a horse gets old and dies in 20 to 25 years at most, and a man lives to 70 or 90, and a dog 16 to 18, is still something "science" has to figure out. But their performance on such issues isn't spectacular.

The truth about it is that the *cause* of aging is an elusive something that seems filterable. For instance, Carrel and Lindbergh took a chicken heart and put it into a pump that supplied it with filtered and specially prepared nutrients and the darned thing didn't die at all. It just went on growing like it didn't know it was a chicken and supposed to die in a very few years at most.

What happened? The truth is rather obvious.

The preparation of the special nutrient solution included a series of filtrations which in some undetected fashion removed the cause of age from the chicken's food supply.

So you see, dying at a certain age is due to the size of your filtration screen built into your intestines by "nature."

Dogs, with a coarser filtration system, live only 16 years, but *man*, with a fine grain screen in his guts, lives longer.

Which is probably all there is to it. Sequoias have a different survival method. They grow a *new* cambium and let the last year's cambium turn into wood, which doesn't know if it's dead or not. It just stands there surviving.

Now, if you haven't started to understand the simple reason for gigantism, I have been wasting my time.

Giants are creatures that keep on growing instead of turning up their toes at regular intervals. Giants are trees that have a way of not getting old, and giant people are people who live on and on and keep growing all the time.

Whales do that, sequoias do that, and once, long ago, some people and some animals did that. It just didn't occur to them to stop growing. Reason? The cause of age was more or less filtered out by their environment and their physical peculiarities.

The cause of age? That's radioactives. If you happen to work where they can get into your system, you will find yourself dead at 25 or 30 or so of simple old age!

Once, on the early Earth, there were very few particles of radioactive materials floating and flowing about. Today, it's a bit different, with simple-minded scientists exploding bombs and sending fallout all over the place.

I think the big decrease in life-span came because the sea-bottom mud was distributed over the world by the tidal waves when the moon struck Earth. Sea bottom mud is a repository for all the radioactives, because radioactives are *heavy particles*. When the moon hit Earth, it pulled all that liquid mud around after it and so spread radioactives everywhere, and trees and animals and things became dwarfs with very short life-spans, because they were exposed to radioactive particles in a vastly increased dosage.

You know, babies are born of parents with the cause of age active in their bodies. *Yet* babies are *young* and can live for 70 to 90 years or more. How come?

Because, gentle reader, the mother interposes a placenta between her and the child. The placenta is a filter that removes a lot of harmful stuff from the baby's cord of sustenance, and it never passes

through the belly button.

So a baby is born *young* and the placenta is discarded.

How to stay young is to live like a baby, behind a placenta, or to eat and drink only filtered and purified substances.

So you see, if you want to stay young and beautiful, it's perfectly possible. Babies do it every day. The mystery about birth and growth is not so much a "mystery" as it is a blindness in mankind. For some reason, mankind has forgotten that it is possible to observe cause and effect and deduce alternative life methods.

I suspect this forgetting has to do with many a present-day trend as exemplified by things like the movie *Deep Throat*. They'd rather spend their millions upon dirty movies than upon simple research such as Carrel and Lindbergh undertook with such perfect results, except in the field of human understanding where they get no results at all and are once again forgotten.

It doesn't do any good to show people how to be immortal by showing them an immortal chicken heart, if they are all too busy watching *Deep Throat* movies to hear what you have to say.

So Carrel went to Vichy, France and became Health Minister to a bunch of Nazis, while Lindbergh went to England and became a Britisher. And I don't blame either one of them.

Now, what else is new besides giant people and giant trees? (perfectly attainable in your own backyard, if you just think about it a little . . .)

The point about Tall Earth is that a new Tall Earth with tall people and tall trees is quite possible, if we study the phenomenon of birth and the phenomenon of longevity and apply simple deduction from observed facts.

It is observable that "science" as it is now does not apply a deductive process and from it obtain procedural programs. Otherwise they would see that the Carrel-Lindbergh process does indeed supply the key to longevity and growth, and medicine could use similar processes to prolong and enrich human life.

"Science" can watch babies get born every few seconds and never catch on that the *reason* babies are young while the parents are old is the placenta. The placenta does something. It filters the babies' intake. To check up on it and supply a similar process of growth and "youthfulness" to a bit of flesh was what Carrel and Lindbergh did. And, wonder of wonders, they got a chicken heart that didn't die!

So, after all that "science" ignores the whole thing and goes right on pretending that "age" and "youth" and "death" and so on are total mysteries
(continued on page 23)

FORT -

IFICATIONS



The flat at 221B Baker Street was quite comfortable considering the fact that the air was chill and a gusty wind was blustering from the North. My companion and friend, Sherlock Holmes, had just traversed the distance back to his chair after refilling his pipe from the ever-present tobacco-filled Persian slipper, and settled back to what would under normal circumstances have been an uninterrupted evening of perusing the evening edition of the *London Times*. I was also totally absorbed in reading the latest issue of *The Medical Journal of Great Britain*, when I observed Holmes leap to his feat and rush quickly to the window.

Much to my chagrin, with a shove the glass frame was pushed open allowing a blast of exceptionally cold breeze to enter our sanctuary. Holmes fixed his gaze to something in the sky above. His lanky physique, hawk-like nose, and piercing eyes stiffened; and for some moments he uttered not a sound. Unexpectedly he pulled his anatomy back into the room, slammed the sash shut and shouted in a most astonishing manner, "Quickly Watson, to the street! There is something diabolical afoot!"

Once on the sidewalk, Holmes once again resumed the position which I had perceived him assume in the flat — his eyes scanning the heavens. Almost as seemingly impetuously as before he roared, "Yoicks! With all haste Watson, acquire a means of transportation!"

As we entered the hansom, Holmes called something to the driver and the carriage shot forward in a burst of speed. Staring at my comrade's face, I knew that something very important was about to transpire, and that this was neither the time nor the place to interrupt his concentration. I merely waited.

We travelled for miles with Holmes craning his long agile neck out of the cab window alternately yelling instructions to the driver and tensely staring as if in a trance. Quite as suddenly as it began, the vehicle stopped. We had ridden some distance into the country to the south and had ceased moving adjacent to a heavily wooded area.

"Quietly Watson, follow me," Holmes murmured, and we crossed some low-lying brush to a

slight rise in the terrain. "Just as I suspected," said Holmes almost to himself. I stared in absolute awe!

There in a small gully stood a machine of some type — circular, about thirty feet in diameter, metallic, dome at the top, resting on three legs. Outside of the contraption on the ground stood a man, or at least my first impression was one of a man, wearing a silver coverall of one-piece design and bearing a peculiar insignia near the right breast. The person was obviously of oriental extraction, for even at this distance I could make out his slanting eyes.

As I stood there utterly transfixed by the scene that was unfolding before us, I accidentally caught my right spat on a twig, causing the branch to crack. The creature near the machine spun his head around. Almost faster than one could imagine, it was disappearing into the body of the disc contraption. We started to run toward it, but a brilliant flash of light stopped us. The machine lifted straight up into the air without a sound and was gone before we had taken two steps!

Holmes rushed to the scene of the former position of the craft and minutely examined the ground where it had just been. A burnt ring of vegetation seemed to absorb his interest the most as he crawled the circumference of it examining each blade of grass. A loose piece of soil also captured his attention, which he carefully wrapped in a cloth and inserted into his trouser pocket. He continued the methodical scrutiny of the area for some minutes, before rising to an upright position.

"I have it Watson! Not a moment to lose! To the cab once more. It may already be too late!"

I felt absolutely helpless as the driver once again sped the hansom along at a most remarkable pace. This time we changed direction completely and were headed back to London. I wasn't sure what had upset my companion, but whatever it was, I knew that it was of the utmost importance and that further adventures awaited.

(to be continued)

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With the advent of such books as *Chariots of the Gods?*, it seemed as if a deluge of material relating to prehistoric extraterrestrial visitations would follow the same basic train of thought for quite some time. But it is unusually refreshing to find that someone has taken a slightly different approach. F.W. Holiday in his latest endeavor, *The Dragon and the Disc*, expounds upon the idea that the earliest vestiges of human religion were founded upon two beliefs — the disc as a symbol of good and the dragon as a symbol of evil.

It is pointed out that the dragon has always been depicted in man's art as being a representation of evil. This odd fact can be seen in Irish, Scottish, Scandinavian, American, British and Asian art. All unquestionably portray the creature, which we recognize as the "dragon," as being an enemy of man. The extraordinary part about this is that the dragon image is not easily linked to any known creature, though one *does* come pretty close to fitting the bill. Unfortunately, this one has never been captured and doubt to its very existence is still universal — this one is variously known as the "sea serpent" and "lake monster."

On the other side of the scale we have the disc as being a representation of good. Holiday convincingly points this up through the art and artifacts of many cultures, including Bronze Age of the British Isles and certain early cave paintings. Again, we have the disc connected with a phenomenon that has yet to be totally accepted — the reality of the flying saucer.

These ideas may seem farfetched, but why is it that serpents stir a feeling of evil in man, and contactee groups look upon flying saucers as harbingers of peace? Perhaps dragons and discs are not meant to be proven as real. Perhaps the answer may well be found within the pages of *The Dragon and the Disc*.

The Dragon and the Disc by F.W. Holiday is published by W.W. Norton and Co., 35 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003, at \$7.95.

* * *

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered Wallace Beery,
Over many a quaint and curious volume
of Charles Fort.
While I nodded nearly napping,
suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping,
a rapping of a peculiar sort.
"Tis some mugger," I muttered,
"ripping off my davenport."
Quoth the Man, "A full report."
Only this and nothing more.

It has long been my personal feeling that the United States Air Force had an untenable relationship with UFOs, and that the University of Colorado Project was used as a means of finally ridding themselves of a malignant growth that could not be diagnosed nor cured. With the final "results" of the Colorado study made public, Project Blue Book was dissolved, and the case on UFOs, for all practical purposes, was closed in the eyes of the Air Force and the U.S. government.

Or was it?

Major Donald E. Keyhoe has other ideas. In his book, *Aliens From Space — The Real Story of Unidentified Flying Objects*, Keyhoe maintains that the Air Force investigation of UFOs didn't stop with the Colorado Study — that it continues today under two new projects. Keyhoe labels these secret studies as "Old New Moon" and "Blue Paper."

He is also convinced that a massive cover-up operation has been in progress since 1947 and that it still manages to almost completely stifle public knowledge about the nature of UFOs.

To prove his assertions, Keyhoe has assembled an influential amount of evidence of apparent Air Force and CIA intervention and suppression of flying saucer reports, including the muzzling of witnesses, especially military and commercial airline personnel.

Keyhoe was the Director of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) for many years and was called upon by the Condon Committee to supply the evidence that NICAP claimed they had. The full story, from Keyhoe's point of view, is spelled out in *Aliens From Space*. The general impression is one of "being used."

Keyhoe asserts that the Project wanted to include NICAP's evidence just to disprove it — or not to use it at all, but to include the fact that NICAP was *consulted* as part of the final report.

Other sections of the book deal with Russian reports and UFO investigations, the Northeast Blackout of 1965 and its connection with UFOs, giant spaceship sightings, ancient UFO reports, and extraterrestrial contact attempts. The final chapter, "Operation Lure," outlines a plan for contacting spaceship occupants, which Keyhoe believes would once and for all solve the UFO mystery if adopted.

At this point I would like to talk about Keyhoe's peculiar attitude toward saucer occupants: He has always acknowledged the existence of UFOs, but he has very stubbornly ignored occupant sightings associated with such craft. This attitude still persists in *Aliens From Space*, a strange approach to say the least.

Major Keyhoe's views have undergone scant

change in over 20 years. He believes UFOs are extraterrestrial visitors surveying our planet in preparation for eventual contact. He feels this fact is being withheld from the public for fear of a collapse of society when our civilization is faced with contact with a super-advanced technology.

There are some flaws in his reasoning and analysis, but generally Keyhoe has put together a thought-provoking book essential for every individual to evaluate for himself. Keyhoe's evidence is impressive. He may very well be right.

(Editor's Note: We'd also like to add that if there really is any censorship involved in UFOs, Keyhoe's publisher isn't helping matters any. Not only are they reluctant to let loose with review copies [we're still waiting for ours], but they seem noticeably shy about promoting the book. We have seen very little advertising about it, and local book stores have not been supplied with many to sell. To compound matters, we understand that the publisher — who also owns several large book clubs — has not as yet decided to offer Keyhoe's work as a selection by any of them.)

Aliens From Space — The Real Story of Unidentified Flying Objects, by Major Donald E. Keyhoe, is published by Doubleday & Co., 245 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, at \$7.95.

* * *

PHANTASMAGORICAL POTPOURRI

A Mysterious Melange from Goat's Head Stew to East Indian Anacardium Occidentale.

The 1974 Fortean Convention, better known as *Fortfest*, is sponsored by The International Fortean Organization (INFO) and scheduled for August 9-11. Details may be obtained by writing INFO, P.O. Box 367, Arlington, Va. 22210.

Rod Dyke of the UFO Research Committee has announced publication of UFO clippings covering the recent 1973 flap. Over 800 clippings will be published in the form of 100 8½ x 14 photocopied pages, at \$10.00 per set. Available from Rod Dyke, 3521 S.W. 104th, Seattle, Washington 98146. Also ask about his monthly clipping services on UFOs and Fortean.

The Comet Kohoutek by Joseph Goodavage (Pinnacle Books, P.O. Box 4347, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017, 95c) — This is a rather hurriedly put together compilation of unusual phenomena associated with the appearance of comets, and a doomsday message of cataclysmic catastrophe. Part of this book has also been reprinted in the January, 1974 issue of *Saga*.

Speaking of *Saga*, they are probably the only nationally distributed newsstand magazine that has continued to publish UFO material through thick and thin. The February, 1974 issue contains a partial reprint of Keyhoe's *Aliens From Space*. In the same issue it is announced that *Saga's UFO Report*, formerly an annual, will now be published every three months. Subscriptions are \$3.00 per year from *Saga UFO Report*, 333 Johnson Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11206.

City of Revelation by John Mitchell (Ballantine Books, P.O. Box 505, Westminster, Maryland 21157, \$1.50) — This work is a followup to *The View of Atlantis* and *The Flying Saucer Vision*. The author attempts to prove that early man was in a closer association with natural laws than our present civilization, and that this is clearly shown in ancient monuments and structures.

The Probe is a UFO-oriented amateur publication that contains some occasionally interesting information. Atrocious spelling and grammar detract from the overall presentation. *The Probers*, 2004 Meadowlawn Way, Fairfield, Ohio 45014.

The 1909 airship sightings around Worcester, Massachusetts are the topic of an article by Lucius Farish appearing in the December, 1973 issue of *Yankee* magazine. The research material used in this article is excellent and it is presented fairly well.

Senate of Wonders Newsletter — Devoted to "Hollow Earth" and similar material, this little publication contains some fairly new and interesting material. Subscriptions are \$3.00 per year from C.E. reader Michael Watson, 701 Central Avenue, Sonoma, Ca. 95476.

— Paul J. Braczyk

NATIONAL UFO CONFERENCE

Energy crisis or not, the 11th annual National UFO Conference is on for the weekend of July 13th, 1974.

Featured speakers will include several internationally-known experts on UFOs and related subjects, including many of the writers who have regular articles in *Caveat Emptor*.

So make your plans now!

The National UFO Conference will be held in the Philadelphia area, within 20 minutes of the downtown section. For more information, write: *Nexus Un-Ltd.*, P.O. Box 688, Coatesville, Pa. 19320.

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT



By Geneva Steinberg



While I respect Richard Shaver as one of the wisest men I know, I do differ with him in one important respect. Shaver thinks that mental projections are created by deros. I think it more likely that deros are created by mental projections. This is not to question the "reality" of deros for those who experience them — nor even to say that "deros" don't greatly influence the affairs of those who *don't* directly experience or believe in them. You just can't get away from the little devils!

The first encounter with a dero is recorded in Genesis. Adam and Eve had just discovered their nakedness, and it completely freaked them out. When the Lord found them hiding in the bushes like a couple of nuts, he demanded, "Who started this foolishness?" And Adam blamed it on Eve; and since the population was rather limited back in those days, the best excuse Eve could come up with was, "The Devil made me do it!"

Following which, all hell broke loose. (It is interesting to note that in Biblical lore, Christ was a man who dared to take "The sins of the world" on his own shoulders — instead of blaming them on the snake!)

But the symbol of the Serpent doesn't stand only for Evil. The Serpent also represents the Life Energy. This energy is divided into two forces which are more complimentary than antagonistic; our language reflects this fact — "Evil" is only "Live" spelled backward. Naturally, once people acquired the "Knowledge of Good & Evil" and started waging war on the Serpent, the balance was disturbed. The Bible records some of the results: Sexual shame — subjugation of women — painful childbirth — work experienced as a burden rather than a joy — ecological balance upset — greatly decreased life span.

All because humanity has never been able to accept one simple truth: *The power evil has over you is directly proportional to the power you use against it.* Ike Newton expressed it more scientifically: "For every action, there is an equal and

opposite reaction."

In everyday life we usually experience this polarity in terms of US and THEM. WE are the decent, upstanding, loving, intelligent, hard-working, honest citizens who could so easily have brought about a Utopian society by now, if it weren't that all our efforts were continually thwarted by THEM, the obscene, hateful, stupid, lazy, lying, low-down good-for-nothing fiends that they are! We can only console ourselves by the thought that things would probably be infinitely worse, if we had not been so diligent in keeping THEM in their place!

Naturally, the more energy we devote to keeping Them in their place, the harder it is to recognize that They have a way of staying in their place whether we try to keep them there or not. They only intrude onto our territory to the extent that we intrude onto theirs.

Just who *are* THEY, anyway?

They are our shadows. Our reflections. Our projections.

In contemplating the dark, "inferior" side of our nature, it is well to keep in mind that it *IS* the inferior, secondary side . . . easily overbalanced by the positive factors, if we would just stop poking at it and stirring it up!

How would you describe yourself? Loving? Generous? Intelligent? Hard-working? Fearful? Wicked? Worthless? Bull doo-doo!*

Introspection is a vastly overrated pastime. True, it can give you some very limited intellectual understanding of yourself, but this mainly takes the form of useless verbiage. You are no more capable of directly assessing your own qualities than you are capable of seeing your face without a mirror.

And the best "mirror" is your view of the World Outside.

Do you really want to get a good, close-up view of what is going on in your own psyche, right this minute? Just take a look at what you see

*Sorry about this readers, but Gene refused to typeset the word that I wanted to use here. He said some of THEM might not like it!

people around you doing. The factors of any environment are so complex that we can only focus conscious attention on a relatively few, and what we do choose to notice says a great deal about where we're at.

If everybody seems hostile toward you chances are that *you* are the hostile one. If it seems that nobody can be trusted, consider that maybe *you* are unable to trust anybody. If everybody annoys you, could it be that *you* have a bad temper?

Ah, and what if everybody takes advantage of you, and nobody appreciates all the things you do for them? *Why* have you been setting yourself up as a doormat? So long as you act like a doormat, most people will either ignore you or walk on you; there just isn't much else one can *do* with a doormat. A lot of abused and ultra-"helpful" people might be severely startled if they could see what a nuisance they make of themselves! So if you "sacrifice" for others and then complain of lack of gratitude, consider: What was supposed to be in it for *you*?

Usually it is a feeling of virtue: "I am a noble, unselfish person, unlike these ingrates." But hypocrisy is its own punishment. So long as you're trying to prove what a noble, unselfish person you are, you aren't free to go do your own thing! And you're likely to blame it all on THEM.

Family and job responsibilities are an enormous area of burden and cop-out. "If only I didn't have these kids (you fill in the blank), then I would be free too . . ." What this really means is that the person wants public approval more than freedom. By staying in his rut and being miserable, he is sure of at least *one* thing: The majority will support him in his decision and consider him a responsible citizen. But if he follows his own inclinations and cuts loose to follow that dream, then Everybody will be down on his head, from jealousy if nothing else — and *then* what if he still isn't satisfied? No, better stay safe . . . "I've got a lot invested in this way of life." (This is known as throwing good years after bad.)

But don't members of our families deserve better than to be used as excuses for our own lack of accomplishment? — even when they cooperate in the matter. I think in the vast majority of cases, the people stuck in ruts stay there not because of any sense of "responsibility" — anyone that dependent on majority opinion can't *have* much sense of responsibility — but because of sheer cowardice! "Most people are content to stay in this particular rut. If I do otherwise, everybody will say I am wrong. I may be wrong anyhow, but at least now everybody isn't *saying* so! Perish the thought that I should make a mistake and be

like some of THEM that we look down on so much!"

THEY SAY is the worst demon in our lives. We tend to forget that Laws, Countries, Families, Businesses, etc., are created for the benefit of *people*, not the other way round! So we should ask not what we can do for these institutions, but what they are doing for us . . . and if we don't like the answer, we have every right to change or abolish them. We created them in the first place. Society and customs and traditions and government are not laws of nature that tell people what to do. Society is a bunch of people that tell one another what to do. And that's *all* it is.

We have mistaken our road signs for prison fences.

* * *

Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin has introduced legislation in the U.S. Senate to block the Food & Drug Administration from classifying perfectly safe nutritional supplements as drugs and clamping tight limits on their potency and formulation. The main change called for by the new FDA regulations is that vitamins and minerals in quantities in excess of 150% of the Recommended Daily Allowance will be classified as drugs and regulated accordingly. For vitamins A & D this has already gone into effect. The rest of the new regulations are due to take effect 12/31/74.

The portion of Sen. Proxmire's bill which refers to this question phrases it this way: "In administering this Act the Secretary (of HEW) shall not limit the potency, number, combination, amount, or variety of any synthetic or natural vitamin, mineral, or other nutritional substance or ingredient of any good for special dietary uses if the amount recommended to be consumed does not ordinarily render it injurious to health."

The number of Sen. Proxmire's bill is S.2801, known as the *Food Supplement Amendment of 1973*. It has been referred to the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, where it is now in the hands of the Subcommittee on Health, chaired by Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts.

If you agree that the FDA has no business dictating your diet, as long as it is wholesome and safe, write to Sen. Kennedy and urge him to act favorably on the Proxmire bill, putting it before the full Committee.

You could also write to your own senators and urge them to become co-sponsors of S.2801.

The above information was lifted from the March, 1974 issue of Prevention, article by Boris Emhart. Our thanks!

— Geneva Steinberg

CAVEAT EMPTOR

* * * * *

(DID I MEET A "MAN IN BLACK"? — continued from page 6)

policemen in St. Louis. His fear of Alexander is caused by the fact that he believes him to be a demon, or one of the evil space people.

My impression was quite different, as I have indicated. Not only did Alexander fail to demonstrate any supernatural powers, but, as I look back on it, I think he *wanted* to be disbelieved. Either that, or he was a terribly bad hoaxer. For example, he said he had travelled extensively and had met all the important UFO researchers, presumably mainly in Europe. However, when I mentioned the names of George Adamski, Dan Fry, Desmond Leslie and others who were well-known to nearly everyone in the field at the time, he said he had not heard of them. Nor did I recognize any of the names *he* gave!

There is one line of research that could still be pursued in this case. I believe it is quite possible that Alexander is the same person who also calls himself Carlos Allende or Carl Allen, as he was sometimes known.

Allende is an almost mythological character who wrote a series of letters about some odd military experiments into invisibility that occurred during World War II. The letters first went to the late Morris K. Jessup, a well-known UFO author of the

1950's, and later to other researchers. In recent years, someone has travelled around the country saying he was Allende, and the strange letters were really fake. But, as usual in such cases, the man couldn't conclusively demonstrate that he was the real "Allende."

So there might be more than one of them!

"Allende" also visited Dr. Edward Condon, head of the infamous Condon UFO Committee, in 1966, shortly before I visited the scientist. At the time, I tried to get a description of the man, to see if he might be Alexander. But the tight-lipped Condon would only say his visitor appeared normal, and "did not foam at the mouth."

Whatever the cause behind these mysterious visitations, it is clear to me that there are a number of very peculiar individuals wandering around in UFO circles. Perhaps the unusual nature of the field itself attracts such people — or perhaps these men are linked closely with the mystery itself.

They may be UFO-nauts — or just hoaxers trying to boost their egos by making themselves grist for copy in UFO magazines and books.

Whatever the answer, I just hope this enigma won't persist till the end of time.

— James W. Moseley

* * * * *

(THE HOLLOW EARTH INVASION — continued from page 7)

I am concerned about a Dying Earth and a dying species.

I ask myself, what is the strong attraction to a "Hollow Earth" theory that is totally unsubstantiated. The answer is not an easy one for you to face: People who are hollow in themselves are attracted to what they themselves are!

Yet, you ask and say you want my advice. I know you will not take it, but I will tell you what I would do in your place. I would study Reich's work as though my life depended on it. I would then find an honest way to earn and save an honest dollar; and I would find a qualified medical orgone therapist and hope that he would accept me for therapy. You could write to the *Journal of Orgonomy* for the name of such a qualified medical doctor. This is what I would do — because, unless the emptiness in your living core is revived with pulsating, living energy, your hollowness will inevitably overtake your whole body.

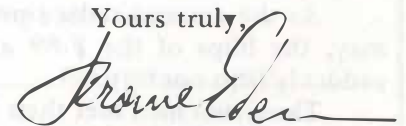
Now, what I would suggest is not the easy way. In the final analysis, no one can save you ex-

cept you yourself. Studying Reich and undergoing orgone therapy require a great deal of discipline, determination, and plain courage. Running away to look for "The Hollow Earth" is the easy way; and once you start running you will continue to run, from one theory to another theory to yet another theory. You will gobble up theories like a kid with a box of chocolates; but in the end you will still be "hollow," still unsatisfied.

So now you understand, perhaps, why I will not get involved in the Hollow Earth, and why I will not answer letters that evade the Essential. I have found my Pearl of Great Price.

I sincerely hope that someday you will find yours.

Yours truly,



Jerome Eden,
Careywood, Idaho

* * * * *

(THE OTHER INTELLIGENCE — *continued from page 10*)

surface in a nearly unconscious state, and with a small flip of his flukes can push his blowhole above the surface. All of this leads to another interesting quality of the cetacean.

The dolphin can span long distances of several hundred miles or more per day without becoming truly fatigued. Chester Krone compares this ability with the travelling distance of the gorilla, which sometimes ranges a grand total of 250 yards in a single day. Perhaps we should pray in earnest that we aren't descended from the great apes as some believe . . .

Aside from the great muscular development of the dolphin, there is another reason for his astonishing speed. This is something called "laminar flow," which stems from the unusual development of the dolphin's skin. Without going into a yardage of scientific gobbledegook, let it simply be said that the dolphin can manipulate the layer of blubber that lies beneath the skin, causing a wrinkle pattern which allows the least possible friction against the water. These wrinkles are at right angles to the direction of travel, whether upward while surfacing, downward into a dive, or level sub-surface cruising.

Presently the U.S. Navy is hotly engaged in trying to unravel the secrets of this laminar flow, and why not when one considers that the dolphin's speed and maneuverability can make a modern torpedo look like so much discarded hardware? Sometime while at the oceanarium, watch a dolphin make his run and take special notice of the wake he leaves — there is none!

Besides the peculiarity of the laminar flow effect, the dolphin's skin is also self-sealing. This can be a tremendous asset for the cetacean while in shark-infested waters. If a wound is inflicted upon

a dolphin, the skin will close up almost immediately, preventing blood from escaping into the water, which would lead rampaging sharks into the vicinity.

Finally, the method by which the dolphin eats its meal should be mentioned in context with the above peculiarities, for there is nothing normal (by our standards) about its eating habits. The teeth of the dolphin are used primarily for catching and holding fish. Once caught, the fish is turned head-outward before being swallowed and pressed by the jaws into a cylinder shape to fit the esophagus. A squeeze-effect is inflicted upon the fish while passing down the esophagus, thus removing the salt-water from the dolphin's dinner. For some reason, if the fish is swallowed head-first, it is almost always fatal to the cetacean, perhaps through some form of strangulation. No one is yet certain why. After being swallowed, the digestive tract finishes the job of disseminating the meal.

FUTURE COURSE

What future is there for man and dolphin? Will the two species eventually find in each other a common ground for understanding? Already the U. S. Navy and foreign navies are attempting to train dolphins for undersea espionage and military recon-missions. The overly friendly nature of the dolphin makes him perhaps too susceptible to the scheming minds of humans.

And what of us, creatures who would turn such potential friends into military weapons? It would be exceedingly nice if some of the dolphin's amiable spirit were to rub off onto his brother, the self-proclaimed lord-of-the-land . . . — C.K.S.

* * * * *

(SOME MOMENTS OF TRUTH — *continued from page 12*)

It is presumed that the men in the F-89 did sight the strange object and closed in to make a careful observation. This will probably never be known for sure.

As the amazed radar operator watched in dismay, the blips of the F-89 and the UFO merged suddenly into one!

Thus, two men met their Moment of Truth on the very threshold of the unknown. Was this their tragic end? Had they crashed into the intruder and then fallen into the lake? Had the plane and its hu-

man cargo been captured and kidnapped, only to be transported somewhere beyond human understanding? What really happened will have to remain unanswered . . . for now.

And it seems we may never know the answer for certain.

For, after their encounter with the unknown, *no trace was ever found of either the men or the plane!* — Paul J. Waalson

* * *

(THE TALL EARTH — continued from page 15)

which it isn't possible to pry into, ever.

I say that "science" in these fields is no more alive today than it was in the days of the Curies, when they allowed the Curies to work out their radium boiling down of pitche-blende in an old shed once devoted to cattle. And they managed to ignore them for years after they had produced radium and put it to work in hospitals everywhere.

"Science" does not exist, as a living, breathing something. It seems to exist only as an all-pervading sort of ghost-thing that manages to kill all research by its utter lack of cooperation.

To get back to the Tall Earth, let's pretend we have some scientists who have some resources other than munitioneers to rely upon. Let's pretend that those scientists discovered why Sequoias live for so many thousands of years, and let's suppose they *decided* that the placenta was in fact removing a radioactive poison from the baby's nutrients — and let's further suppose the scientists did then build a large living place completely protected from environmental pollutions, like the womb the baby was born from.

Let's suppose that the life they grew within the big living space was in fact practically protected from all radioactive contaminations. And that it went on living and growing long after its parent scientists grew old and died. And that it became gigantic, in mind as well as in body, and from its wonderful protected environment it decided to make of the whole world just such a protected living space.

Let's suppose they decided to *bore* in the solid bed rock great living places for whole cities of people. And that they designed within those great city borings a perfectly controlled environment with perfectly filtered water and perfectly filtered air and even the food prepared in centrifuges that removed all the heavy radioactives.

And let's suppose that the people in those cities became quite large and didn't get old. And they built spaceships and set out to spread their method of staying young and growing bigger out into space.

And let's suppose that as their great spaceships sought for worlds to support them, they came upon a little planet just beginning its life as a home for life.

Let's suppose that they called that planet "Earth" as they settled in on terra firma once again. Let's suppose that planet became the Tall Earth, where trees and animals didn't die in such short spans of time, but lived on and on for a very

long time.

Then you would have life repeating itself in the way that all life does. You would have a Tall Earth once again, just as it was in the beginning of this world, before the moon struck it and tore up the seabottoms where all the radioactive poisons had been stored and held in the sea bottom muck.

Now, do you understand what the Tall Earth was, a little better?

I think of the first period of human life on Earth as the Tall Earth period . . .

— Richard S. Shaver

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We know — you don't like to get magazine renewal notices — and we don't like sending them either. It costs money, not to mention the work involved to be sure that the person who is up for renewal gets a notice.

So, how about giving us a hand? Take a look at the number typed after your name on the envelope this issue came in. If it's "12," then you should be getting your notice with this issue. If not, we goofed, but your subscription will still end with this issue.

If the number is a bit higher, say "13," or "14," why not renew now anyway? If you happened to throw the envelope away — and you haven't renewed lately, it'd be a good idea to do so right away.

And if you're paid up well in advance, just turn the coupon over to a friend or relative who you think would like our kind of magazine.

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FLASHES: Once again, the choice of a winner of a free 6-issue subscription for sending us the most newspaper clippings was a tough one. But, after adding up all the factors involved, we decided to give the award to Orestes Wilson of Reading, Pa. — a winner for the second time!



You can be a winner too! Just watch your local newspapers and magazines. Whenever you find something on UFOs and the occult, send it along to us; a copy if you prefer. Please include the name of the publication and the date of the issue in which the item appeared.

— Next issue is sure to be a blockbuster! We've got a new article from famed UFO author Brinsley Le Poer Trench about UFO projections! The theory is quite in line with what John Keel

and even Richard Shaver have been saying, and you're bound to find this one of the most interesting theories we've yet published!

We've also got an article from Curt Sutherly on the fate of the U.S. space program; Richard Shaver on ignoring reality — and lots more! You won't want to miss our big May-June, 1974 issue!

— That postal rate increase we've been talking about of course went into effect two months later than originally planned, but it only prolonged the agony of higher prices. We're still keeping our subscription rates at their present level, but don't be surprised if we're forced to raise them before long! It would be a good idea to renew your subscription now. Just use the handy coupon on page 23 of this issue. Thanks! — ERS

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SHAVER DOODLES — Among his many talents, Richard Shaver is really an extraordinary artist! When we visited him recently, Shaver gave us a batch of doodles he had lying around. He underestimates himself — these pictures were quite good. So, we're going to offer them for sale, while they last, at \$5.00 each. Order from: G & G Steinberg, P.O. Box 688, Coatesville, Pa. 19320.

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CULTURE CORNER

ALIENS FROM SPACE — The Real UFO Story

By Major Donald E. Keyhoe — Doubleday & Co., New York, N.Y. — 1973 — \$7.95 — Reviewed by John A. Keel.

At the height of the 1966 UFO wave, G.P. Putnam's Sons moved to capture the flying saucer market by signing up John Fuller, myself, Major Donald Keyhoe and two or three others, such as Henry Noel (a N.Y. science editor). Fuller produced a non-book, *Aliens in the Skies*, which was simply the verbatim transcript of the 1968 Washington UFO symposium. Noel, after considerable research, quietly moved to France. Erich von Daeniken became the star of the Putnam stable. In 1970, Major Keyhoe withdrew from his Putnam contract and went searching for another publisher. Now, nearly eight years after he signed his first contract, his long-awaited book, *Aliens From Space*, has appeared under the Doubleday imprint.

Was it worth waiting for?

Aliens From Space is primarily a paste-up job, many sections lifted intact from the pages of NICAP's newsletter, others clearly revised from his earlier books and articles. This is, of course, a perfectly legitimate approach — authors do it all the time. But somehow one expected more of Keyhoe.

As in past books, he uses a great many blind items (not naming the persons being quoted) and recreates conversations which had a great emotional impact on him, but may not affect the reader in the same way. In a strained effort to support his allegations of conspiracy and his tenacious belief in the extraterrestrial hypothesis, he frequently quotes out of context and deliberately deletes well-known follow-ups to the incidents he uses as "evidence." In fact, he gingerly employs all the tiresome techniques of eccentric right-wing literature and "hate" books.

There are a great many distortions of fact, some of them apparently deliberate, and tragic omissions. For example, he belabors the early 1960's nonsense about Mars' "hollow moon" and neglects to mention that NASA finally obtained a fairly close picture of it which destroyed that notion forever. His discussion of the Piri Reis map is based entirely on Mallery's preliminary speculations, making no mention of Professor Hapgood's superlative study. He even drags in the *Book of Dzyan*, by quoting the celebrated Air Force Academy UFO text which, incidentally, was composed by a flying saucer zealot and did not represent that agency's position at all. The *Book of Dzyan* is not an ancient document but was composed by dear old Madame Blavatsky in the 19th century. Keyhoe just quotes the AF Academy rubbish which, he must have known, was lifted almost entirely from Frank Edwards.

In denigrating Sid Padrick, one of the most impressive of the modern contactees, Keyhoe spells the name of Padrick's alleged space friend "Ziena." Padrick never used that

spelling, but always struggled to spell it as it was supposedly pronounced — Zno, Zeeno, etc. Ziena is not even close to Xeno, which would be the correct spelling.

Overall, Keyhoe's laborious effort to expose the great AF-CIA conspiracy falls flat. He repeatedly uses silly bureaucratic letters and documents, apparently unaware that more convincing documents exist and were made available to reporters in the 1960's.

After Captain Ruppelt left Project Blue Book in the mid-1950's, Major Keyhoe clearly found himself on the outside looking in, baffled and annoyed because officialdom (and most of the Washington press) viewed him as a crank. Despite all the heavily detailed cases in NICAP's files (and I have seen them), Keyhoe is strangely dependent on fragmented, incomplete newspaper clippings. He even borrows heavily from the APRO bulletins. One gets the impression that he has personally investigated very, very few cases. He deals with second-hand opinions, hearsay, and probably in more than one instance misinformation deliberately leaked to him to keep him confused.

The result is not so much proof of anything, but a long series of complaints. Why doesn't anybody tell him anything, he cries. Perhaps the history of UFOlogy would have been different if some mischievous AF general had taken him aside in the 1950's and told him, "Major, we cannot reveal what we know. This is a matter of national security, and we ask you, as an officer and a gentleman, to drop the whole matter."

— John A. Keel

REVELATION — THE DIVINE FIRE

By Brad Steiger — Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. — 1973 — 316 pp. — \$7.95 — Reviewed by Steve Erdmann.

What if someone could find the "key" — that secret little "peek" at the mouth of God — or at least His "radio" by which he transmits His message to mankind. Steiger starts us out with an account of Saul on the road to Damascus where he is blinded by a light from Heaven and infused with the Spirit of the Almighty. Envisioned as a new William James writing a new *Varieties of Religious Experience*, Steiger sets out to find new revelations that breed out of unusual and novel, indeed, prurient places.

There are the New Gospels — of Jesus, of Mary, of Joseph, of the Disciples, all itching to revitalize shoddy, jaded interests for the sensational. There is the Gospel, according to the Reverend Brown, Stone, Padgett and Gibson — and they are all hollering and squeaking echoes of Barnum and Bailey.

Steiger's tome is a mountain of psychic speculation, a canopy of mysticism, and a bombardment of verbiage from

sundry but unlikely places. Throw a little S.G.F. Brandon in. Mix Haly's Psychic Self-Improvement. Add a little of the Old Time Religion for good measure, throwing some Eastern *Samadhi*, some Zen Buddhism, Al Manning, and a host of stars, into the batch — and you have a conglomerate "Alan Burke" with a super-psychedelic cosmic consciousness rolled into neat little packages of Jimmy Dean's all pure pork sausages.

"I think . . . It is my opinion . . . In my opinion . . . " all tied into compact knots of gobbledegook.

"Does the personality who is (spiritually) speaking come from a universal source, or does it come from an individual consciousness? . . . The source lies in no area because it is the area. It is of consciousness, yet it is of things that are not seen, not heard of, not thought of. It composes all, and yet it is one."

Try it, man, try a little Mantra Yoga or Dionysian-type music, or "the harmony of the Spheres." Stick it in your ear. Roll in it. Sniff it. Shoot it in your veins. Gargle with it, and funnel it down your throat. Swing a little — with a Neptune Vibration — or cruise to the sounds of Max Freedom Long and his band of renown. Yes, Seth speaks! But the Creator's name is Sacrana. No, you fool, *I am Ishkomar*. Chocolate bar, Ishkomar . . . in care of Edar Rapids. "From time to time it sounded like something one would find in the *Upanishads* . . ." Another cube anyone — or shall we lace the cream? Eh, how's that Miss Telethought Channeler?

"Miss Francis, how do you distinguish between your thoughts and the thoughts of another intelligence, since both are taking place inside *your* head?"

Answer: "I'm hip, baby. But if that don't work, get bombed and you won't care who's talking."

"I am Ishkomar!"

Yes, but "spirit has no dimension . . . spirit has no weight. Spirit is not subject to distances, and spirit is not subject to time . . ." but if I keep this up . . . I'm gonna have a nifty little rhyme. Tote that barge, lift that bail, get a little drunk and land in jai . . . *I am Ishkomar!*

Pile on, pile on; how many more can we . . . *I am Ishkomar!* . . . get on the sled to ecumenical insanity? Look out for that turn up ahead! It is Professor Milford Q. Sibly shouting something!

"The trouble, as Emerson used to say, is that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish what comes from God from what proceeds from the devil!"

Go ahead and buy me cologne for my birthday — but you gotta smell it! — Steve Erdmann

* * *

FORBIDDEN LAND

Strange Events in the Black Forest of Pennsylvania
Volume I, 1614-1895

By Robert R. Lyman, Sr. — Potter Enterprises, Coudersport, Pa. 16915 — 1971 — \$4.50 — Reviewed by Curtis K. Sutherly.

Robert Lyman appears to be a true Fortean. Or perhaps he's merely a man who frowns too easily on those who disregard the improbable and seemingly impossible. At any rate, his effort in bringing forth the *Forbidden Land* should receive more than a cursory glance.

Having been to Pennsylvania's Black Forest, I can identify with Lyman's delightful description of a region of the forest, Kettle Valley. He calls it, "An eerie land of mystery where a solitary soul can feel the awesome fear of the

unknown."

And indeed it's just that. Dark, brooding trees climb skyward, hiding what . . . one wonders?

But Lyman, through his apparently vast effort of search and research, has compiled a chronicle of events that is enough to make even the most devout Fortean sit back and ponder.

What would the average historian think if he were confronted with, shall we say, the skeleton of an oversized Indian with horns? This one item Lyman neatly hands us as we move through the pages. Then there's the report of a fire that never burned, as witnessed by one James Bassett, a stage-driver before the turn of the century. Or the case of the "Uncanny Light," which was first seen at the Cherry Springs Hotel near Coudersport around 1882.

Perhaps your taste runs to ghost stories, such as the reported episode of the "Screaming Skull." Or how about accounts of strange creatures? Well, Lyman has these as well, such as the beastie called "Hi-Behind," who reportedly roamed the Pennsylvania hills between 1895 and 1898. According to Lyman's documentation, more than enough testimony exists to substantiate its presence.

From an overall viewpoint, the book warrants serious attention, despite the fact that the author's conjecture is not always completely detached. The volume details 91 unusual events, many of which are definitely Fortean in nature, with the larger bulk being of valuable historical significance. And the style of writing is straight-forward enough for even the most studious types.

Lyman supplements the book with two maps of the Forbidden Land-ala-Black Forest, and also includes an index of 336 names of individuals interviewed or referred to while compiling data.

Lyman himself best sums up his entire approach to these mysteries in a statement written on the inside cover of my copy: "I do not say all these events are possible; I merely say they happened." — Curtis K. Sutherly

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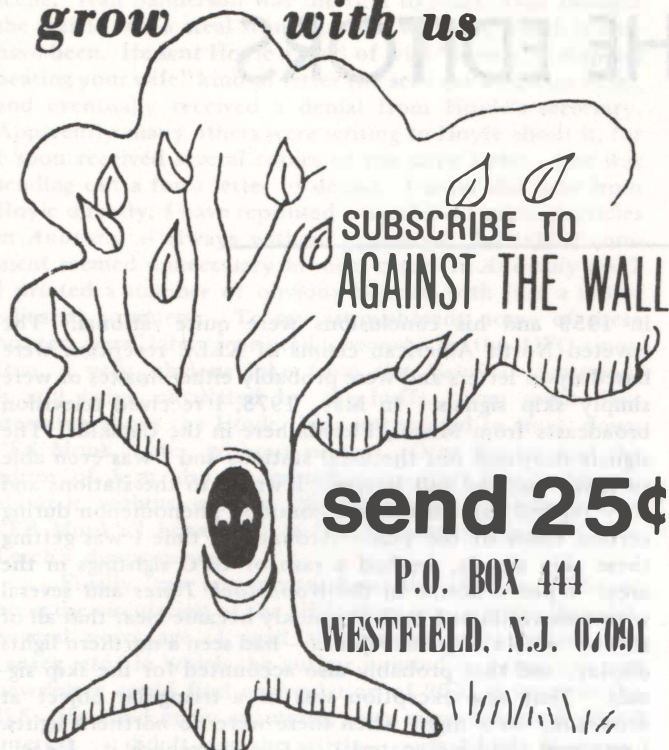
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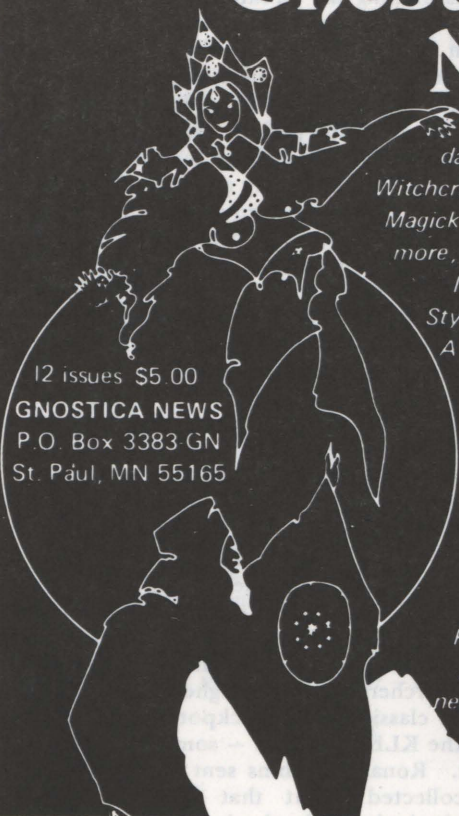
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Intercepted from the confidential files of John Keel:

Dear Lou [Lucius Farish]:

... Let's review your tirade in *Caveat Emptor*. I have never claimed to have investigated the Oliver Lerch business. The story is one of those oft-repeated "classics" that deserved only a few lines, *sans* serious comment, in *Our Haunted Planet*. To trace it to its origin(s) would require an enormous amount of work, as you well know. Since the Bierce account is so similar, it is very probable that it started there. Bierce based many of his stories upon folklore. But he was also one of the best newspapermen of his day. Such disappearances are very commonplace. I recently received a lengthy report, with photos, maps, etc., of an incident in Sweden a few years ago that was identical to the Lerch story — a boy stepped outside his house to fetch some firewood and never came back. An enormous search by authorities failed to produce any clues. I'll probably use the story in *Anomaly*. Stuart Nixon attempted to discredit *Our Haunted Planet* by attacking those few lines about Lerch! The tiresome old nut tactic.

When I was researching my ill-fated *Playboy* article in 1966, I attempted to track down many of the "classics" of the 1950's. I ran into a dead-end with many of them. In others, I found the witnesses had been misquoted and, often, the events had been totally misrepresented in the newspapers and UFO-zines of the period. Since I am very familiar with New York state, I was puzzled by Walesville. I couldn't locate it on any map or in any gazetter. There is, however, a Wales Center in the western part of the state (where I come from) and usually any other town named Wales, Walesville or whatever would be located near that. (e.g., Perry Center is two miles from Perry, N.Y.) There seemed to be no Walesville near Utica. I still haven't found it. I did come upon one news story about the crash, but there was no reference to unidentified objects. It seemed like a case of "flame-out," common with jets during that period. The pilot was sitting on top of the engine in those planes. When flame-out occurred, the first warning was a sudden heating of the cabin. This seems to be what happened. Keyhoe's account was based on a letter. So I didn't use the story in my article. Walesville could, of course, be a cluster of houses — an unincorporated village. But it can't be found on the most complete maps available.

Don't forget that *True* deleted some of the South American anecdotes from my *UFOnaut* article when their researchers couldn't locate the villages named in the accounts. *Playboy's* researchers are even tougher.

Now you use a classic bit of crackpot innuendo in your comments on the KLEE business — something I have never written about. Ronald Dobbins sent me a sheaf of material he had collected about that case, including Drake's report. Drake had quietly checked into the thing

in 1959 and his conclusions were quite rational. The coveted North American claims of KLEE reception were based upon letters and were probably either hoaxes or were simply skip signals. In May, 1973, I received television broadcasts from Miami, Florida here in the Catskills. The signals drowned out the local stations and I was even able to make out the call letters. I wrote to the stations and they replied that this was a common phenomenon during certain times of the year. Around the time I was getting these skip signals, we had a rash of UFO sightings in the area. I put a notice in the *Woodstock Times* and several witnesses contacted me. It quickly became clear that all of them — with a single exception — had seen a northern lights display, and that probably also accounted for the skip signals. That one exception was of a triangular object at 4:00 a.m. on a night when there were no northern lights. I returned Dobbins' material so I can't recheck it. He will probably lend it to you. Also, I seem to recall that Drake discussed the matter at the AAAS symposium in Boston and it should be in the Sagan book. I don't recall what Ivan [Sanderson] did or did not say about the whole affair in *Pursuit*. Drake's side seems so complete that there really isn't any other side — unless you can go along with anonymous letters offering few, if any, details.

As for Sistersville, West Virginia: Some years ago, I published in *F[lying Saucer Review]* an account of my visit to Sistersville. Needless to say, I have newspaper files throughout the Ohio valley. In many cases, the older files were long gone or were stored away in [in]accessible places. Newspapers of the 1890's had long since passed out of existence or had burned down (newspaper office fires were — and are — extremely common because they contain so much flammable materials). I was disappointed by my inability to locate any substantive 1896-97 reports in that area. Just a few "meteor"-type reports. The only surviving witness in the Sistersville area, a man regarded as the local historian, dismissed the whole "airship" thing. I think I named him in my *FSR* report. Historical societies tend to ignore paranormal events unless there is a buff or two in their leadership. Even the extensive sightings of 1966, etc., have been ignored by most of the contemporary historical societies.

You will find Sistersville mentioned on page 93 of *Operation Trojan Horse*. I don't recall Fort's account. I don't have an index of Fort's books. In any case, the sighting at Sistersville apparently had no impact, was rather minor compared to the other events of that period, and I did waste more time on it than it was worth.

As for the Fred Hoyle fracas: Several people sent me clippings of the *National Bulletin* article and asked me about it. I wrote to Hoyle and never received a reply. (How, may I ask, am I expected to prove that?) Months later, I reprinted the article in *Anomaly* without comment, aware that Hoyle had said even more startling things in his

speeches and books, especially his science-fiction novels, some of which display an interesting knowledge of the UFO scene. Ivan Sanderson was the first to react. Ivan thought the article was a steal from his own writings, which it may have been. He sent Hoyle a kind of wild "have you stopped beating your wife" kind of letter (he sent me a carbon of it), and eventually received a denial from Hoyle's secretary. Apparently many others were writing to Hoyle about it, for I soon received several copies of the same letter. She was sending out a form letter of denial. I never did hear from Hoyle directly. I have reprinted a number of tabloid articles in *Anomaly* — always without comment. Somehow comment seemed unnecessary in most cases. In *Anomaly* no. 7 I printed a number of obvious hoaxes, with just a minor editorial comment. To my astonishment, some of these hoaxes were later reprinted *seriously* in the UFO-zines. One, a very obvious joke from the *National Lampoon*, is still being circulated by the buffs. Ivan spent days steaming about the Hoyle thing, attempted to track down "Ed Monk," etc., without success. Otto Binder and the editor of *Saga* also attempted to contact Hoyle directly about it, without success. Now you want to blame me for "Ed Monk's" hoax, just as NICAP blames me for Oliver Lerch's disappearance!

Finally, my comments about the UFO scene based upon the circulation of the UFO-zines was completely valid. Several years ago, I read an amusing article about nut causes, etc., in which the author pointed out that any nut newsletter could find a circulation of 200, at least, in the U.S. He cited many examples, from many bizarre fields of interest. I didn't save the article — wish I had. Anyway, most of the UFO-zines struggle along on very limited circulations. I think I credited *Skylook* with 225 in 1971, not 1973. Considering the massive attempts to promote it at conventions, etc., a circulation of 600-700 is not very impressive. For one brief period in 1967-68, Moseley's *Saucer News* claimed a paid circulation of 7,000. NICAP has dropped from 12,000 (allegedly) in 1967 to 3,000 (or less) in 1973. The grim fact is that UFOlogy has never been able to hold its audience. Magazines and newsletters devoted to far duller hobbies (i.e., matchbook collecting) manage to find larger, more consistent circulations. I have often wondered why other, poorer countries, such as Spain, France, Belgium, etc., can support slick, professionally printed, well-edited UFO journals while the U.S. cannot. Part of the answer seems to be the rather irrational approach to the subject adopted by the American hardcore.

Saga is planning to issue their "UFO Annual" four times in 1974. Their costs are low because they use mostly articles and artwork from *Saga*. Until this year, they didn't even pay their authors when they reprinted articles in the "annual." Now they pay an extra \$25-\$50. The last one sold 50,000-60,000 copies, so they are taking a gamble with a quarterly. I doubt, though, that sales will hold up through four issues. They will be scraping the bottom of the barrel by the third and fourth issues.

It is my simple contention that UFOlogy should have developed a much larger audience after all these years. The U.S. should have at least one magazine with a circulation of 50,000-100,000, professionally edited and printed. Instead, it has Palmer (2,000), *Skylook* (600-700) and a few others with even less. Both NICAP and APRO have failed completely as research organizations — even as correspondence clubs. The Flat Earth Society could probably get a bigger following if it received an equal amount of publicity.

At this late date, it is perfectly obvious that UFOlogy in the U.S. will never amount to anything; that it will always be dedicated to petty gossip, slander, innuendo, and

hopeless causes. The publications of the 1950's were no different (in some ways they were better) than the UFO-zines of the 1970's. The field steadily loses ground. Only the enemies have changed. Dr. Menzel has been replaced by Dr. Condon. Dr. Hynek has replaced Major Keyhoe as the leader of the believers.

The Keyhoe book has been promised for years, and announced several times. I believe I mentioned that he originally signed with Putnam's and around 1970 the editor showed me an absolutely incredible letter from the good Major explaining why he couldn't keep the commitment — Air Force harassment and all that. They had paid him a very large advance. Don't know what happened, if he repaid them or what. Anyway, he shifted to another publisher and the book has been repeatedly announced. I'll believe it is coming out when I see it. [It came out in November. See Keel's review on page 25 of this issue. — ERS]

The whole Keyhoe tone and technique is now completely obsolete and it may be that editors are just demanding rewrites.

... The recent Gallup Poll showed that 51% believe in the ETH [extraterrestrial theory] now. So we're in the homestretch. When the percentage reaches 75-80%, the UFO propagandists will have done their job and the next phase of this whole stupid operation will begin — probably pretty much as Arthur C. Clarke foresaw it. Don't forget von Daeniken's massive success is contributing heavily to the change. It remains possible that very heavy opposition will materialize in the coming years, probably from organized religion, but I suspect they will recognize the problem too late to be effective. The 75% goal will probably be reached in the mid-1980's. Contacts among professional people — lawyers, doctors, police officers (police chiefs in this last wave) — have been on the increase. I've talked with contactees in fairly high positions in Washington. So the phenomenon is entering a late stage. The first really major contactee will probably be a leader in the Middle East or Africa.

The hell of it is that "they" know something we don't: The future! And their schedule is geared to the future, grouped around events we can't foresee at this point. So there's no way for us to combat the situation effectively. A Dark Age is practically inevitable.

John A. Keel
Mt. Marion, N.Y.

(It's difficult to ignore the general run of trivia about what NICAP's membership really is, or whether the Oliver Lerch case is genuine or not. Also, I must point out that I did send Keel a map of Walsville, New York — taken directly from the Oneida County map! The place does exist, if one can believe the evidence of that document. Why Keel chooses to ignore this, I don't know.

On the other hand, Keel can come up with some of the most fascinating ideas sometimes. He is making some pretty startling projections of the future of UFOlogy — and of world history in general. We can take it all with a grain of salt — that's the easiest route — but I can't help feeling that there may be some elements of truth to all this speculation.

I only wish there was enough space to print the entire letter — it took up 9 pages in all! — ERS)

Dear U-al Folks:

Read [the November-December, 1973 issue of] *Caveat Emptor* containing the taped [interview with me] with some trepidation. Reason: The published and real first beginning of telepathic contact was some ten or 15 years before, in Detroit. And a lot of events intervened between that instance — which opened my eyes to the existence of the “invisible” and “nonexistent” underworld — and the incidents in Maryland described on the tape. But recall is like that. I was thinking of the “beginning” of the underworld and the incidents in Maryland described on the tape. But recall is like that. I was thinking of the “beginning” of the underworld trip through the sea-opening and trying to describe how it came about — and someone like Keel will compare this transcript with the [previously] published . . . account of the incidents that were my really first recognition of the universal telepathic network of Earth. Then they will say, “See, he is lying. Here is a totally different account.”

They are not totally different accounts. They are related accounts, separated only by many years of wild events between.

Those events you know about include imprisonment and persecutions and flights to no avail too numerous to write about sensibly.

There is no way one *can* condense the enormous scope of the telepathic communication over a lifetime into a few words on a tape or in a book. No one has total recall at command no matter how much they think they do.

The events in Maryland which led up to the water entry were events that occurred *after* I had had telepathic communication for some 15 years. I can't recall the exact dates any more than Mr. Dean can in front of the Watergate committee without his notes and lawyer.

Richard S. Shaver
Rock House Studio
Summit, Ark.

* * *

Dear Gene & Geneva:

Steve Erdmann in issue no. 10 cannot seem to accept the idea that geneology is not involved in Galatians 3:16, inasmuch as the word seed as used in Galatians 3:16 refers to one lone seed — a single seed — one seed, “Thy seed, which is Christ.”

Steve Erdmann mentions that the Bible does not speak of Christ as an essence, but the Bible does mention that Christ is the Water of Life. The truth is that the man Jesus Christ never existed except as a symbol — a personification of the seminal fluid.

“Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is within you, except ye be reprobates?”

That's what the Bible tells us, plus the fact that it was the same in the past as it is today. There is no “legitimate” or “illegitimate” way to use the Scripture, but my interpretations are based on natural laws relating to body functions. The human body is the key to the Bible. Revelation 12:9 and Rev. 20:12 give evidence that the devil, dragon, satan and serpent are synonymous. The serpent symbolizes the intestinal tract. Steve Erdmann says the Garden of Eden is mentioned in the beginning of the Bible, and according to the mystics the human body is the biblical Garden of Eden.

There never was a man-savior named Jesus Christ as people were taught to believe, and there never was a devil such as people were taught to believe, nor a heaven and hell,

as people were taught to believe. Salvation is only from within. Always the same. It is time that people learned the truth.

Morris Katzen
Cooks Falls, N.Y.

* * *

Dear Gene & Geneva:

I admire Margaret Wendall's right to speak her mind about my book review [in issue no. 10]. We are indeed lucky to be able to express our dissent or consent about the viewpoints of others, whether we think those viewpoints are wrong, sloven or even dribble. I do note a bit of intolerance on Mrs. Wendall, however. Might she feel that some viewpoints be better if they were never even allowed expression? It has been my experience that so-called “liberals” (which usually denote an openminded, easygoing, noncommitted, fair, equal person) are not liberal at all. Their outward philosophy is but a sophistry; they would be the first to enslave, if given the opportunity. Indeed, they have enslaved under various guises.

As far as the other remarks [are concerned], Mrs. Wendall lumps a lot of history and quite a bit of exegetical and theological study out of the picture by negating the Bible as myth — as if that was some kind of excuse. What is a myth? The extent to which a myth is accurate is the extent to which it has been instilled by omnipotent revelation by a superintelligent source.

For being so worthless, von Daeniken surely relies on quite a bit of myth and legend from all kinds of places. My argument was: If you are going to use it in the first place, try to understand the context it was presented in to begin with. That means understanding the whole context, milieu, confirmatory evidence, *and the intrinsic intended purpose of the work*. Von Daeniken, when it comes to the Bible, takes an axe to it.

As one of the directors of the McDonnell Planetarium said: “He [von Daeniken] is somewhat sloppy in his analysis. A lot of people, when they see a figure with a bubble-like head, they always say, ‘ah ha!’ They claim it is a space helmet. When we approach it from a scientific point of view, we ask: ‘Is this anything that we can explain without having to evoke men from outer space?’”

Concerning Satan and demons: Obviously, Mrs. Wendall doesn't believe they are real — she certainly doesn't believe they could sexually seduce someone. I'm afraid I cannot be that quick to reduce an awful lot of demonology and history to limbo on the theory that incubi and succubi are nothing but Roman Catholic suppression. There are too doggone many case histories of demons, and while you may argue their absolute worth, it is just as shabby scholarship to *ipso facto* debunk them.

As R.E.L. Masters said in *Eros and Evil*: “It must be admitted that even after due weight has been given to the likelihood that hysteria, hypnotic trance, schizophrenia, dreams, etc., explain or could, a large part of the witch phenomena, there remains an unexplained residue, including testimony which seems to refer to objective events and not to have been only fabrications.”

Indeed, such a fantastic thing as aerial machines of a bizarre quality being seen in the last months is a good case for the fact that demons should be no more fantastic.

Steve Erdmann
St. Louis, Mo.

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NEWSWATCH

GOOD FLAPS NEVER DIE

Chester County, Pennsylvania is known generally for a famous tourist attraction, Valley Forge Park, which straddles its northeastern border, and for having the largest concentration of mushroom growers and processors in the United States.

But for a brief period last year, this historic county also became known for its proliferation of UFO sightings.

On October 16th, several nurses reported seeing UFOs over the Pocopson Home, near West Chester. Red, green and white lights were observed for about 15 minutes. The nurses said they were moving too fast to be airplanes. When the objects would reach a certain point, they would go straight up toward the North Star, at which point they would hover for a moment and then disappear.

An acrid smell was said to be coming from the objects. State troopers investigated the case, but denied seeing anything unusual.

But that feeling of being left out (?) didn't last very long.

On October 21st, trooper Bernard P. Grzywacz saw two UFOs while on patrol duty in West Nottingham Township, just outside of the small borough of Oxford.

The objects were travelling South toward the Maryland state line. Both objects had red, green and white lights. They were stationary for a short time, but then turned and headed South for the Maryland state line.

About 50 people reported seeing the spinning, top-like objects. State police at North East, Md., said the UFOs were probably only experimental helicopters being tested by the government.

But the raucous sound that usually accompanies the appearance of such craft was strangely absent.

Grzywacz and another State trooper, Elwood Knoll, reported another UFO around 4:30 a.m. on October 24th. An extremely bright white light was seen moving toward the west. The object shot across the sky in a sudden burst of speed, its color changing to red.

No sound was heard.

Two state police helicopter pilots saw a bright light earlier that month, on October 14th, not too distant from the Pennsylvania border over Cheswald, Delaware. They chased the UFO for 18 miles before it turned from yellow to orange to red and disappeared over Maryland.

With such a sensational beginning, everything soon went downhill. Our telephones seemed to ring often with new tales of strange lights in the sky. On a few occasions, we rushed out in the night, to some isolated country road, only to find that the excited caller had been fooled by a planet or star. Yes, UFO fever had hit bad — but soon the Watergate mess and the then-germinating energy crises dominated the public's attention once again.

(*Daily Local News* [West Chester, Pa.], 10/6/73, 10/18/73; *The Record* [Coatesville, Pa.], 10/17/73; *Chester County Press* [Oxford, Pa.], 10/24/73. *Investigation and summary by Gene & Geneva Steinberg.*)

* * *

THE GREAT 1973 UFO WAVE — AGAIN?

By Rick R. Hilberg

While I have been assigned to report to the readers on current happenings in the UFO field, the flap of last fall generated so many good cases that it is almost impossible to relate each and every one in the space allotted in this column.

So, I will continue to cull my vast file of UFO sightings and report only those which are most significant to you readers. The following reports are those I have managed to follow up, at least by telephone.

On September 9, 1973, when UFOs were cavorting throughout the South, Griffin, Georgia was visited by a weird aerial contraption. The report was made in the form of a phone call to the Spaulding County Sheriff's office, reporting an object hovering over a house. A deputy dispatched to the scene radioed his office that he saw "two red

lights descending slowly to earth," only to then disappear.

Mrs. Hugh D. Beal told local police that an "upside down cup and saucer-shaped object" hovered over her house. She said that the object had gold, red and green lights on the bottom. The woman reported that the object, which she said made a funny noise, was too low for an airplane and was just above tree-top level. The strange nocturnal visitor would change the color of its lights.

Another low-level report came from Kitsap, Washington on the 17th.

Theresa Deno told the Sheriff's office that she spotted five objects southwest of the Silverdale section at around 9:00 p.m. Deputies reported that two UFOs had red and blue lights, and that three had red and silver lights attached. Mrs. Deno said that the strange objects were sighted spinning just above the treetops.

Carrville, Alabama authorities asked Auburn University chemists to study an area where a UFO may have landed.

Carrville police officer Gary Clayton and his wife reported seeing a large disc-shaped object suspended in the air, about 350 yards above the ground. Clayton described it as being about the size of a car, with a red light on one edge, a green light on the other side, and a white light in the middle of the object.

"It made a slight ringing noise, like bells jingling. I really feel sort of foolish telling anyone about it. But we know what we saw and heard.

"Then the thing just took off without any noticeable sound and disappeared. And so did me and my wife. We lit out down the road for home. I'm willing to bet my paycheck it wasn't a helicopter either. They make plenty of noise and no helicopter can move like this."

Two days later the possible landing site was found when residents found an area of grass that had been mysteriously burned. The burned area is located near a gravel pit just outside the town limits, and is in the vicinity where officer Clayton and his wife saw the mysterious lighted UFO.

Two UFOs with "strange flashing lights" were sighted in the Charleston, South Carolina area early on September 26th. According to County police, several sightings came from motorists on St. Andrew's Boulevard

The two lights were also observed by policemen from the North Charleston and Edisto Beach areas. County police Sgt. D.J. Gleason said he saw two objects, one of which appeared to be over the city itself, the other above Folly Beach, which lies west of the city. He described the objects as oblong in shape with red, white, blue and green

flashing lights. According to Gleason, the lights were distinct, bright and close together in a box shape.

Gleason said the UFOs seemed to hover in one place. The objects also appeared to have some sort of cloudy mist attached to their bottoms. Gleason said he first spotted the UFOs at about 3:30 a.m. and that they remained in sight until after 5:00.

An "unidentified submerged illuminated object" was sighted by a Pascagoula, Mississippi fisherman and later by the Coast Guard on the night of November 6th. This was just a few weeks after the widely publicized UFO contact involving a pair of shipyard workers.

Efforts to retrieve the object were unsuccessful.

(*The Mount Airy* [N.C.] *News*, 9/11/73; *The Sun* [Bremerton, Wash.], 9/19/73; *Birmingham News*, 9/20/73; *The State* [Columbia, S.C.], 9/27/73; *The Journal* [Lorain, Ohio], 11/9/73.)

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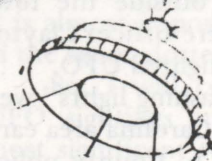


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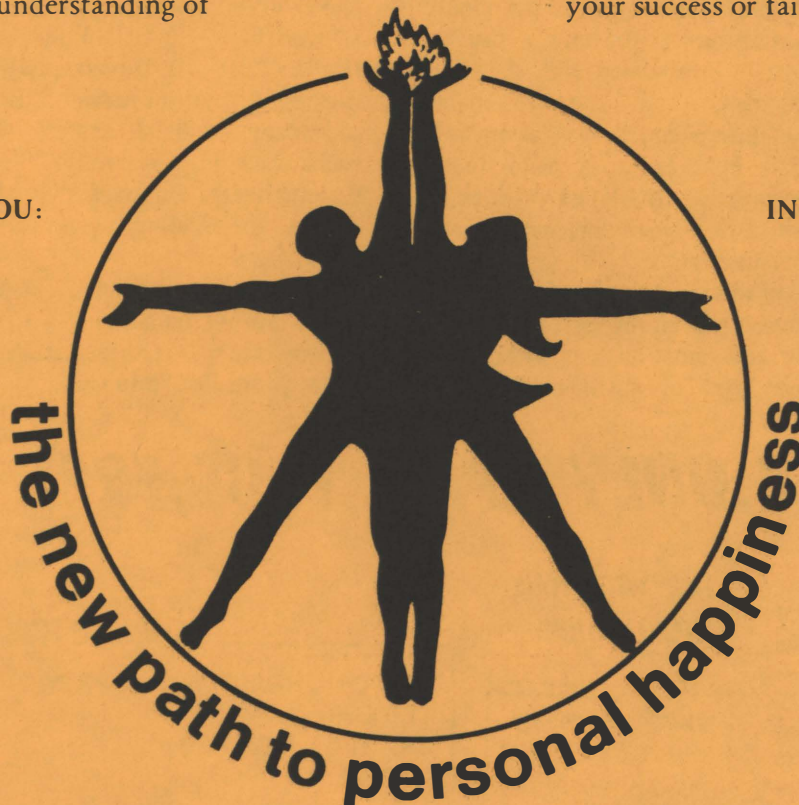
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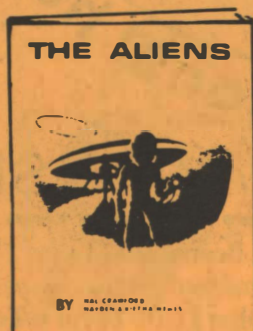
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